

[think with that thing on your chest](#) by [stardustupinlights](#)

Series: put your hand inside of mine [2]

Category: Yu-Gi-Oh! VRAINS

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Summary:

After Ryoken's backward plans to confess to Yusaku on Valentine's Day and the following relationship that bloomed from it, Yusaku feels like it's only appropriate to give something back during White Day to show his gratitude.

The problem is: he sucks at romance, gifts, and keeping secrets that aren't related to his survival. Go figure.

(He was not expecting his gift to work out quite like this, though.)

[Explicit rating and tags apply only from chapter two forward!]

Relationships: Fujiki Yuusaku/Revolver | Kougami Ryouken

Series: put your hand inside of mine [2]

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1. romance

Author's Note:

Happy White Day everyone! I've been working on this since early March, and this should be done by now, but things happened and I wasn't able to write at all during this past weekend. But, here I am! This is as self-indulgent as you can imagine by the tags, but hopefully, for those who are sticking around for the whole three chapters of this, you'll enjoy the surprise. Please enjoy this!

Yusaku and Ryoken are a *thing*.

He's not entirely sure of *what* that thing is, but according to Takeru and Ai, that thing is really close to a relationship. As in, a romantic relationship. *Boyfriends*, really, which would be the word Yusaku refuses to speak out loud without having Ryoken there to confirm it, and only thinking about it sends a shiver down his spine as he stares unseeingly at his screen, because it's a nice though: Yusaku and Ryoken, boyfriends. A couple. Not in a dynamic duo way or a rival way, but in a "prisoner of destiny" way – Ryoken could never find out Yusaku sometimes almost grinned at those words, because he would be absolutely furious his speech got turned into a joke – and he quite likes it, really enjoys what they have going, even though they aren't in any way acknowledging that they are sort of dating and he doesn't want to mess with that at all.

He's pretty sure it's an unspoken fact by this point— Ryoken is always taking him out to dinner, always showering him in gifts like flowers and expensive clothes he never knows what to do with, giving him compliments, always taking whatever chance he got to kiss him or hold him if they aren't in a very public place and it's short of heavenly just how enchanted Yusaku is with the whole situation. It hasn't been a month yet, seeing as they're still three days away from March 14th, the day that marks their anniversary, but it feels like longer and he's starting to struggle not only with the magnitude of his feelings, but also with the ways in which he could reciprocate the affection Ryoken insisted on giving him. The events

of Valentine's Day were earth-shattering – in more ways than one, Yusaku will *never* forget how he felt that night – and despite going back to a mostly normal routine of going to school, slacking off at most of his homework, looking for Lighting and spending hours in Link VRAINS, there was a lightness to his heart that was not there before thanks to the added bonuses of Ryoken texting him during the day, harassing him into doing his schoolwork, and going clue hunting for hours only for him to show up at his apartment afterwards, late in the night, to the result of both of them falling asleep, cramped and a bit too warm in Yusaku's shithole of a bed.

Those were most of the changes, paired with other little things, like the flowers— it seemed that Ryoken, in his boredom being at sea for three months, developed some sort of fondness for them thanks to Spectre rambling about curious facts and meanings, and he couldn't complain when Ryoken kept making his heart beat erratically each and every time he showed up with a bouquet and dropped a kiss on his forehead, or his nose, or his cheek, or brought his hand up to kiss him there instead. Kusanagi-san was sick of it, as was Takeru, even though they were strangers to any form of PDA outside those fleeting exchanges, and Ai was just fed up because of the trauma he was involved in – '*I had to hear Revolver talk dirty to you! I can't just let that slide!*' – but other than that, no one seemed to give a shit, or even be surprised at their blooming relationship.

Well, that's a lie— despite his happiness, Yusaku is pleasantly surprised and frustrated, because he just doesn't understand the romance as much as Ryoken does. He enjoys it a lot, probably more than he can even comprehend, but he just struggles with trying to give back the gestures as easily as Ryoken seems to be able to do them. He's decent at physical affection— Yusaku can barely sleep without feeling Ryoken's steady breathing beside him nowadays and he's always sticking to his side, both in public and in private, even if it was with different degrees of intimacy. Cuddling became a must and he enjoyed the freedom he had to just be able to take Ryoken's hand and pull him in without issue, but his eagerness for showing his love as much as he could – he won't even deny it, *he's in love* and he isn't ashamed of that – seemed to pale in comparison to Ryoken's steady and continuous record of taking things one step further, or, to be more accurate, to just be a natural at anything remotely romantic.

Normally, Yusaku wouldn't care. Ryoken knows him, he knows Yusaku isn't used to and doesn't have a grasp on that sort of thing like most people do and that he's happy with what they do, but the reason he's been getting more and more frustrated every day that passes is that White Day is approaching, and he wants to give something back to Ryoken after such an eventful Valentine's Day confession – to this day he refuses to admit Lighting had nothing to do with their little '*we're locked in Link VRAINS*' adventure, but it only took Yusaku a little digging to find out the source of his interrupted firewall – and he's running dry with ideas, spending hours looking at online shops and trying to understand flower meanings, only to despair at his inability to find something he thinks Ryoken would like.

He's no good at this because he's never really had to give a gift to someone before, and the people around him are no help; they all either suggest something raunchy, – Ai, mostly, with a side of *Ghost Girl* and *Spectre*, a conversation he'd rather not think about – scratch their heads and suggest buying some random chocolate – Takeru, Kusanagi-san – or offer advice that he could take into account, but doesn't know how or *why* he would follow it – Flame, and Zaizen Aoi after she peeked over Playmaker's shoulder to see what he was googling during a slow day – so he was, in a word, hopeless.

This is the first time in his life that he's putting such effort in anything other than revenge and survival – his schoolwork would be jealous – and he wanted to prove that he could adapt to the domesticity Ryoken offered him every single day, but he was coming up short, and perhaps even getting way too upset about this, or least that's what Takeru claimed when Yusaku glared at him for accidentally closing his research tabs on Café Nagi's computer during his break from his shift. In his own opinion, Yusaku was just— frustrated. He was not upset, he was just in a weird mood that would eventually pass, but seeing as about seventy percent of his time was now spent around Ryoken, including right now, he quickly notices his weird mood and calls him out on it with little subtlety:

“Earth to Yusaku?” He calls, and Yusaku looks up from his screen, blinking. Ryoken raises an eyebrow, the wind making his hair slightly ruffled. It's a really nice look on him. “I've been calling you for a while now.”

“Sorry,” Yusaku says, embarrassed on the inside but death on the outside, and reaches over to grab his soda from lunch, drinking loudly from the bottom through the straw and the remaining ice. Ryoken is still staring, so he looks up at him through his eyelashes. “I’m just distracted.”

“Hm,” Ryoken hums, looking like he doesn’t believe him one bit, and Yusaku thinks that’s fair, because he’s an awful liar when it comes to him—Ryoken just has a sixth sense perfectly tuned to him, and it would be creepy if Yusaku didn’t have one for him as well. “Pocky?”

Ryoken points at the abandoned box of Pocky’s and Yusaku stares at him until he gives in and answers his silence question as to why he’s suddenly requesting this, but when he gets none, he just shrugs and reaches for the box, taking one out and sticking it in his mouth, chewing rapidly. It’s chocolate, Ryoken’s favorite, which means he hates it because sugar is evil, but that’s not the point of this; Ryoken frowns at him until he sets the box down on the table in that one way that lets him know he fooled some evil scheme of his on accident, but he doesn’t regret it—the more distracted Ryoken was from his internal struggle with what to give him for White Day, the better.

“And there you go again,” he shakes his head, frown shifting into a grin, and Yusaku chews rather obnoxiously on the Pocky until it disappears completely inside his mouth. Ryoken sighs. “Making things difficult.”

“If you wanted to share, you should have just said so,” Yusaku takes the box again, pulls out another one, and then breaks it in half, extending his arm out to offer it up for him and sticking the other half inside his mouth. Ryoken’s eyebrow twitches in annoyance, and Yusaku can barely keep himself from breaking into a soft smile for the sake of keeping up his fake innocence. “Here, you can have this half.”

“So generous,” Ryoken mumbles, taking the stick, and then leans back on his chair. They are on Stardust Road by themselves, which is rare; Café Nagi is back on Den City’s central plaza with only Kusanagi-san and Takeru as staff, since Yusaku decided to take the always offered day off to relax with his semi-official boyfriend, maybe work on homework or on Lighting clues in his apartment, but Ryoken had other ideas and set up a

table out here just for them. Ai was left back home; he refuses to be alone with Yusaku and Ryoken ever again after the Link VRAINS sewers incident, but he's not sure for how long that's going to last before the relentless teasing about him having a relationship starts. "Are you going to tell me what's on your mind?"

Curse your attention to detail, Yusaku thinks, and barely keeps himself from sighing in annoyance. "I have no idea what you mean."

Ryoken gives him a look, the one Takeru classifies as the '*I know you know I know you're saying some bullshit*,' but Yusaku was immune to it—mostly. If it were anything other than this little romance incompetence problem, Yusaku would take the look as a sign Ryoken is worried, but he didn't want to spoil whatever surprise he would come with within the next few days. If he found nothing, then he would just risk it and take Ai's suggestion to stick a bow on his head and give himself over. Considering how Valentine's Day went, Ryoken would probably like that.

Curiously enough, Yusaku and Ryoken had not had sex since that day, which he's not against — they both barely have the time or space or the privacy to do it every day — but he would also like some more moves from both himself and Ryoken. His fellow prisoner of destiny has been really good at keeping his hands to himself, and Yusaku is getting sort of restless — Valentine's Day was good, for many, *many* reasons, and Yusaku was not ashamed at all to confess that the sex was one of the best, but by now he gets that Ryoken is trying to court him properly instead of just taking any chance he got to shove his hand inside his pants and force his tongue down his throat, even if Yusaku would prefer it if he did take them. It wasn't like he was failing to give him enough signals, after all; his teenage body and hormones took care of making sure he almost always woke up with a boner when Ryoken stayed over, and he knew he noticed— *he even saw him looking*.

"You're spacing out again," Ryoken points out, standing up from his seat to drag his chair over and sit beside him, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. Yusaku harrumphs, trying to focus on the present since it wouldn't do to have Ryoken figuring things out, never mind that Yusaku still has nothing prepared— he threatened more than one life on his search

for advice to make sure no one said anything, so his non-existent plans better not be fooled by outside interference. “Pocky for your thoughts?”

“Seriously?” Yusaku rolls his eyes, but he’s nodding, already shifting in his seat, though the joke is on Ryoken— he isn’t planning on telling him anything about his actual thoughts, but he might just give him a piece of his mind either way. Taking the box, Yusaku pulls out one stick and presses it between his lips tightly. Then, as Ryoken tries to shift and face him, Yusaku stands up and straddles his lap, thanking the universe for making him light enough so the chair doesn’t tremble and for making Ryoken solid enough to not fall over in surprise. He seems a bit caught off guard by this still, but the way in which he’s quick to readjust on the chair and hold Yusaku’s hips closer tells him he’s just as fine as Yusaku is with this decision.

“Eager?” Ryoken teases, shooting him a smirk, and Yusaku rolls his eyes again, leaning in closer. Perhaps he underestimated himself when he had this idea; it feels quite exciting to be this close to Ryoken, his blood already rushing quickly with adrenaline, and they haven’t even kissed yet— this was badly calculated, but he was not going to back down, so, grabbing onto Ryoken’s shoulders, Yusaku leans in until the stick pokes his lips, then blinks heavily at the quick sight he gets of Ryoken’s tongue before his lips are wrapping around it. Ryoken chuckles, clearly noticing how Yusaku is already struggling with the weight of his rather inconvenient method of getting him to shut up and distracting him, but then he starts chewing, so Yusaku follows suit.

The next five seconds of his life are the most infuriating ones; staring into Ryoken eyes while eating something sweet and being on his lap is an experience he will never forget and he would die happy right now, if only that didn’t mean he never would have gotten a repeat of Valentine’s Day.

Yusaku is, unsurprisingly, the one to finish first and slip his tongue inside Ryoken’s mouth, wrapping his arms around his neck and sighing happily into the kiss, relaxing with ease. Ryoken responds eagerly, his hands squeezing his hips so hard for a few seconds that he might just leave bruises before softening into a firm grip to keep him steady instead of a punishing one. It’s quite odd for him to have his head tilted down instead of up while kissing him, because Ryoken is taller than he is and it usually stays that way

when they cuddle, but everything else is the same: the heat taking over his body, the slide of their tongues against each other's, the dampness of their lips, Ryoken's well placed teasing bites and playful tickles against the roof of his mouth that make him shiver, the irrational need he feels to suck on Ryoken's tongue and move even closer until it gets a bit uncomfortable on the chair. They are, in fact, very publicly making out, hot and heavy, and this is the one exception to his no-PDA preference, because there's no way he could say no to the lightness of his limbs and the heat pooling in his stomach just like that, to how safe he feels with Ryoken's arms around him.

There's a shift when they part slightly to take a deep breath and their eyes meet, electricity buzzing in the air between them, and Yusaku almost chokes in his own moan as Ryoken leans in, their lips meeting in a frenzy. Yusaku grabs at Ryoken's hair, feeling desperate, the chair making a dangerous sound with the force of their need that makes them both pause, readjust, and then dive in again. At some point, Yusaku stops keeping track of how many times Ryoken has thrown him for a loop by changing the angle of their chins and the pattern of his licks and bites and just enjoys the feeling of being absolutely ravished by his semi-official boyfriend, up until he tries to shift even closer, feels *something* against his thigh, and Ryoken makes a sound akin to a growl, his hands drifting down to grab at Yusaku's ass and squeezing like he's claiming his territory.

Yusaku is more ok with that idea that he thought he would be, so he rolls his hips, and almost chokes, again, on his own groan. Ryoken also moans, a small thing that sounds *delicious*, but just as fast as he was to kiss him back at first, Ryoken pulls away and grabs at Yusaku's chin with one of his hands, keeping him from chasing after him. Yusaku will deny the whine that escaped him in that second to his grave, and the way Ryoken's eyes drift down to his lips and his thumb presses against his bottom lip, shiny and red from the activity, doesn't help matters down in his pants.

"I think that's enough," Ryoken says, his voice husky, and Yusaku almost groans in both frustration and arousal. Why, oh *why*, is Ryoken so hot? Perhaps he should rethink this relationship thing, because this was not fair. Clearing his throat, Ryoken very clearly tries to put himself together, and Yusaku is very tempted to shift in his lap only to spite him. He doesn't, but

only because he knows it would make him get in trouble, and he didn't fancy taking the train back home with sticky pants. "Back to your chair?"

Ryoken asks the question like Yusaku might need further coaxing, which is not too far off; he really would prefer not to, seeing as he was quite comfortable, but again, it would do him no favors to linger—blue balls it was.

Sliding off his lap and dropping back in his chair, Yusaku brings his knees up to hide his still very excited dick from Ryoken's gaze, and pointedly stares at his face instead of looking down like he wants to. Frowning, he shakes his head. "This is your fault."

"My fault? I'm sorry, whose idea was it to get in my lap—"

"Are we dating?" Yusaku interrupts, and Ryoken shuts his mouth so quickly that he practically feels the harsh, probably painful collide of his teeth in his own mouth. Still, he needs a distraction, not only to keep Ryoken from wondering about what's on his mind, but also to keep his boner down. Ryoken might also need to do that second thing, actually, and as far as the internet claims, nothing kills an erection like asking a guy about their relationship status, so this is a success in his book.

"Uh," Ryoken starts, clears his throat, and then nods slowly, looking incredulously at him. "I thought we always were?"

What. "What?"

Ryoken's look of '*what the hell are you talking about*' intensifies. "I thought it was obvious we're a couple."

"Oh," Yusaku says, looking away for a second. Well... perhaps he should have expected that. "I thought it was obvious too, but you never said anything—"

"Neither did you," Ryoken blinks, and then brings one of his hands up through his hair, the one with the Hanoi tattoo. He's irrationally jealous of that hand for about two hot seconds, which says a lot about how shocked

and unbalanced he is on the inside, partly because of the kiss. He's sure his face is as blank as always on the outside, though, or at least he thinks it's likely—he's been skipping sleep a lot lately for research, and that's sure to kill his ability to emote. "I thought we were on the same page."

"I guess we are from today forward," Yusaku shrugs, reaching over to hold Ryoken's hands, relaxing at the squeezing his own receives. He makes sure his voice is as deadpan as ever, as he states: "You're my boyfriend now."

"So, no proposal this time?" Ryoken teases, chuckling softly, and Yusaku flips him off. He's not going to be embarrassed over his speeches, much like Ryoken is not going to be embarrassed at un-ironically using finger guns on an almost daily basis. Like right now. While *winking*. "Shame."

"Whatever," Yusaku turns towards his laptop and looks at the encrypted files of White Day research he's done. He has a long couple of days ahead. "Are you coming over tonight?"

"No, I have to do some maintenance for the boat," Ryoken brings the hand holding Yusaku's up to his lips, pressing them against his knuckles. Yusaku's heart jumps. "So I'll be busy for the next couple of days—"

"That's fine, as long as you remember to call," Yusaku scoots over closer to him, closing his laptop, and brings his free hand up to his chin, frowning. "How busy will you be?"

"Shouldn't take more than two days, maybe two and a half," Ryoken grins at him, eyes trained on where Yusaku has started to chew away at the tip of his thumb, looking like a fool. Yusaku ignores the part of his brain that says he looks like a fool in love; he might be all but ready to reveal his '*I love you*' card, but he was himself, and Ryoken is Ryoken, it's barely been a month—and Lighting is still out there, plotting. He couldn't risk it. "Already missing me?"

"Shut up," Yusaku shakes his head, and the rest of the evening passes normally—or well, as normally as it can when you're avoiding giving yourself away to your boyfriend about your romantic plans for White Day and ignoring the fact that you just got cockblocked by him. Ryoken takes

him on a beach walk, promises to teach him how to swim one day, and then buys some tolerable fruit flavored ice popsicles for them. By the time Café Nagi's usual closing time rolls around, Yusaku feels both worried and happy after spending most of the day with Ryoken, and he's almost tempted to beg him to stay the night if only for the cuddles, but he needs distance to plan properly—he only has two days, and it's thanks to fate that Ryoken is going to be busy enough to not get in the way. He's already lost too much time.

So, after that, Yusaku starts diving into the depths of the internet to get some advice once again, and somehow ends up on a forum about love hotels discounts and deals that tempt him greatly, but nothing on an actual gift. He bookmarks the page as a Plan B, thinking that he might just not pay his rent to cost it if he can, and then surfs through countless gifts shops until three am and gives up, deciding venturing out to the city after class is going to be his only choice if he wants something good, but the whole trip is quickly being wasted when he finds absolutely nothing. He dragged Takeru and Ai with him to get their opinions, but as always, Ai is just complaining about his trauma until the point in which he mutes him because Takeru really didn't need to know about it while his other companion suggested just about every sweet they walked by.

He walks into an antiquities shop and talks to the lady at the counter about gifts for your boyfriend of one month that lives on a boat, and she tells him to please get out if he isn't buying anything. He has a feeling she thought he was taking the piss, which is really rude, and Ai suggesting way too many scenarios worthy of his soap operas earlier paired with Takeru's failed attempts to cheer him up are giving him a headache.

“Look at the bright side,” he says, shooting him a nervous look and taking a huge bite out of his ice-cream. Yusaku taught him well. “Revolver doesn’t seem like he’ll get pissed off at a lame gift?”

“He won’t, but that’s not the point,” Yusaku frowns, trying not to get upset, but Takeru’s grimace at his face tells him he’s not succeeding. The bow on his head and the love hotel are looking like his only answers when they suddenly bump, quite literally, into Shima, who falls down on his butt with a shriek that grates on his ears. He’s not having a good day.

“Ah, sorry,” Takeru says, bending down to help Shima up, looking embarrassed and annoyed at the same time, watching the remains of his ice cream melt into the ground. Money well spent. “What are you doing around here?”

Shima stands up, opens his mouth, realizes Yusaku is right there and *pales*, probably having flashbacks to the sewers incident again. Yusaku refused to apologize about it since it happened, and he was going to keep it that way, even as he and Takeru stare at Shima as his brain reboots for about two minutes in expectant silence. Finally, he speaks:

“Eh, I was just on my way to the Link VRAINS merch store that just opened up downtown!” His shifts his feet nervously, looking like a caged animal, and Yusaku is sad that the more time passes, the less Shima is going to be too traumatized to bother him since he would eventually get over it, similar to how Ai is already willing to talk with him without screaming. He was already better than the day after Valentine’s Day, when he sat on the other corner of the room on the first row during class and avoided him for the rest of the week. “I heard they have Soulburner merch, and that’s extra rare—”

“Soulburner merch!?” Takeru all but screams, almost making Yusaku jump, and suddenly he’s being forced to hang out with Shima even longer as they make their way to the store, Takeru’s own excitement over his very own unregistered merch having a home at a store winning over his protests. The moment they reach the storefront he’s already perturbed by the amount of Playmaker and Blue Angel paraphernalia around, and he has no idea how Takeru can stand this without feeling weird, but his hesitation, once again, does not stop them, and Yusaku ends up surfing the aisles to past the time as Shima and Takeru bond over their favorite Charisma Duelists— he’s going to ignore the constant mentions of Playmaker, for his own sake.

While Shima and Takeru collect their merch, Yusaku wanders around to see if there’s something that won’t cause him instant cringe or nausea, and he somehow ends up at the Revolver merch section in the very back of the store – a business decision, probably, seeing as he’s a *cyber-terrorist* – looking through the cheap wigs and the Knights of Hanoi logo on several pieces of clothing like he’s judging the quality of an Oscar-worthy movie.

He tells himself he's doing it because Ryoken would mock and complain about the lameness of the merch, as well as the existence of it considering, *ahem*, cyber-terrorism, but in the end he just shrugs to himself and turns around to check the aisle behind him, and like fate was just laughing in his face, he ends up staring at several dozens of copies, all of different brand and design, of Revolver's earrings.

He's immediately mesmerized by the sheer amount there is, and it's clear there was more, because several spaces in the aisle are empty, like people grabbed from that particular brand in bulks, and it makes him *way* too curious. Glancing around to make sure Takeru and Naoki are still over at the front with the Soulburner and Playmaker things, Yusaku steps closer and starts to seriously judge the quality of them all. Some are absolutely horrid, which explains why there are so many, while others look like average plastic and others, the most expensive ones that were left behind from the raid, are made of light, stainless steel, and were actual earrings instead of clip-on. The idea strikes him like thunder, and he's both ashamed but really thrilled about it; recently, about a week and a half ago, Ryoken got his ears pierced, and they were currently completely healed and ready to be occupied, so what if – and this was a crazy idea, absolutely mad – what if he got this as a gift for Ryoken for White Day?

Was this kind of gift even appropriate for White Day? According to his research, perhaps, most definitively *not*, though it does counts as jewelry, and they were never a conventional duo. He was sure Ryoken would like them a lot, especially because they were a nice pair, even if they were *quite* pricey. Half of the reason he even got his ears pierced was because of Yusaku's insistence that he would look great, so he needed to support him, since it was not a necessarily painful experience, according to Ryoken, but the tenderness was annoying for a good while for both of them, as Yusaku couldn't use him as a pillow so closely until they healed in fear of touching them during the night, which made him angsty, but this would make it worth it one hundred times over.

Also, there were many possibilities to what they could do with these earrings in private since Ryoken would probably not wear them in public, and it sends a shiver down his spine, makes his toes curl, as he imagines

Ryoken in all of his angelic beauty, wearing those earrings and telling him to get down on his knees, Revolver's signature sharp smirk and deep, husky voice invading his senses.

It is with a heavy weight on his shoulders and a fluttery feeling in his heart that Yusaku walks over to the cashier and pays. The girl behind the counter doesn't even blink at him or his choice, probably used to weirdest things than this, which he appreciates for about two seconds until he asks her to wrap it in gift paper and her expression freezes before she gets to it, asking him what paper wrap he would like. Yusaku chooses the one that looks the most like it could be taken as a serious, romantic gift, of a red color that reminds him of Ryoken's avatar but that thankfully isn't Link VRAINS related, and then he slips the bag in his pocket to hide it from Takeru's and Naoki's sight as he waits for them to be done, frowning at the sight of a Playmaker plushie in each of their arms. He knows Ai notices though, has a feeling in the back of his mind about it, but he is not going to have this conversation with him, never, and if Ai knows what's best for him, he won't ask.

After that, figuring out the rest is easy—he still feels like this gift isn't quite enough, but it was a start for him at least, so he calls Ryoken the next day and convinces him to come over on the 14th despite it being a school night, so they could have a quiet dinner together and he could relax from whatever maintenance the boat needed. He agrees easily enough, promising that the food is on him and taking the risk, Yusaku tells him to wear something nice, but Ryoken seems to interpret that as Yusaku just telling him they're having a date night, which is a relief. The rest of his day is filled with anxiety as he cleans his whole apartment in a show of his dedication to making the most out of their date, and impatiently waits for school to be over, then he convinces Takeru to take care of Ai and Roboppy until further notice, promising to return the favor someday. On the morning of the 14th, after a pitiful night of getting almost no sleep because the creaking of his bed kept taking him back to Valentine's Day, Yusaku takes the longest shower of his life and actually uses some of the shampoos and lotions and soaps Ryoken got him a while back, rinsing himself very, *very* thoroughly, and he even finds himself tempted to shave, but it's not like he has much hair at all, so he discards the idea and instead kills time by

looking into the love hotel again, biting his lip and chewing on the tip of his thumb in thought until he almost breaks a nail. He's so restless at school he can't even catch a nap, and he takes another shower just in case, struggling to understand what scents would be considered more romantic, but he settles for just whatever in the end, figuring they were all nice.

Once dinnertime comes around and he gets a text from Ryoken saying he's on his way, Yusaku, feeling his anxiety spike once more, opens up his closet and looks for some decent clothes, only to realize he has very little options besides his school uniform. He tries not to panic, instead taking a deep breath and grabbing a nice, thick navy blue sweater Ryoken got him that's just a bit too big and black skinny jeans he barely even wears that feel like a second skin, but he quickly forgets about it on his hassle to make himself look less like he's suffering from insomnia and is still underweight. Surprisingly, one of his biggest insecurities back when Ryoken showed up on Valentine's Day wasn't the nudity, but rather the state of his body. He was much scrawnier than Ryoken, pale and scarred from the Lost Incident and other unrelated accidents that came with raising himself, so he was slightly afraid, or rather *worried*, that the proof of his less than ideal life would make Ryoken hesitate because of either guilt or disappointment.

Yusaku got over that quickly, when Ryoken all but worshipped him from head to toe until he couldn't breathe, but a small part of him was still unsure, on a superficial level, about how the lack of nutrients and the barely there leftover baby fat made him look. He's been working on getting better since the Tower of Hanoi, and he knows he feels and looks stronger than he did back then and that Ryoken would never judge him for that, so in an attempt to drown out those creeping insecurities, he decides to focus on looking nice instead of like the careless mess he usually is and enjoying the most out of their date, forcing himself to relax by playing some white-noise on his laptop until he feels like his hands are steady enough to allow him to do his eyeliner. It's such an odd feeling to want to be normal for once, but he thinks it's a good sign that he's actually getting better— it would probably be easier without Lighting breathing down their necks, though, but those were details. Important details, but not relevant for tonight.

The sound of a key turning makes Yusaku freeze just as he is about to finish the sharp cat-eye on his left eye, hearing it from the bathroom, but soon enough he recognizes the now-familiar sounds of Ryoken's shoes being dropped off on the genkan and his voice calling for him, getting closer as he walks towards the hallway. Yusaku turns back to the mirror and his eyeliner, trying to finish quickly and not answering the call, but Ryoken finds him just as he's done with the last stroke, opening the parted bathroom door and appearing behind him on the mirror. Their eyes meet, and he immediately shoots him a brilliant smile, walking over to wrap his arms around Yusaku, mindful of the brush he's still holding and engulfing him with the smell of his flowery perfume.

"I'm home," he says, pressing his lips against his neck, and both the implications of the words and the feeling of his breath on his skin make him shiver, his lips tightening slightly in an effort to not die internally. Ryoken buries his face in his neck, inhaling softly. "You smell nice. Is that the soap I got for you?"

Yusaku nods, leaning in to look at himself closely in the mirror and check nothing is amiss. Ryoken doesn't let go of him, which makes it harder, but he decides he did a good enough job, just as usual. "Welcome back. I'm running out of the store brand soap, so I decided to take them out."

"Hm, it's nice," Ryoken hums, and then takes a step back. Yusaku immediately misses the warm, but heat spreads on his face when he turns to find that Ryoken was staring down at his butt. He raises an eyebrow when Ryoken lifts his gaze back up, no a trace of embarrassment in his face. "You look stunning. New jeans?"

"Old jeans," Yusaku shakes his head, stepping close and looking up at him from under his eyelashes, feeling flattered by the comment since he actually *tried* this time. Ryoken seems to go a little red in the face at that, his eyes darkening and his tongue peeking out to lick his lips, making even more anxiety brew on the bottom of his stomach. He's too anxious about his reaction to the gift to even think about his ever-present libido. "What's for dinner?"

“Thai food, for a change. I was told the restaurant is good,” Ryoken is staring at his lips as he says this, but instead of accepting the unspoken invitation, Yusaku walks out of the bathroom, Ryoken following him closely behind. “Is that the sweater I got you as well?”

“It’s a date night, isn’t it?” Yusaku asks, glancing back at him, and suddenly stops, bewildered, as he takes in Ryoken’s outfit. “Are you wearing a designer jacket?”

“I appreciate that you recognize that,” Ryoken says, and Yusaku stares at his black, long-sleeved, perfectly fitted jacket, the pants showing off his ankles and the pristine white t-shirt underneath like they personally offended him, because he looks way too good on them. “What? You told me to dress up.”

“You look great,” Yusaku compliments him, because is the truth, and Ryoken steps closer to him very deliberately, raising his eyebrows. Yusaku crosses his arms defensively, frowning. “What? You do.”

“Thank you,” he says, earnest, lips curling into a smirk afterward. Yusaku swallows. “Should I show my gratitude with a kiss?”

Yusaku, to his absolute shock, almost says no. Not because he doesn’t want to kiss Ryoken, but because he’s afraid of the evening getting out of hand before he gets to deliver his gift. Ryoken notices his silence, of course, and frowns down at him looking worried, so Yusaku just turns around and heads for his kitchen counter, catching a whiff of their dinner on the take out bag and boxes resting on top of it. Before he gets there, though, he notices a splash of red and orange out of the corner of his eye, and the turns again to see a bouquet of flowers resting on his coffee table.

“Oh,” Yusaku hears himself saying, and guilt crawls up his throat faster than he was expecting. He can’t look at Ryoken’s face. “You bought flowers.”

“It’s a date night,” Ryoken shrugs, stepping closer to him, looking serious but thankfully not angry. “Everything ok?”

“Yes, I— thank you for the flowers,” Yusaku walks over, grabbing the bouquet and bringing it up to his face. He wishes he could recognize them, as some of them are familiar, but he’s just plain awful at it even with Spectre’s spam emails, so he just admires them for a second. “They’re lovely.”

“I’m glad you like them,” Ryoken leans against the counter, crossing his arms, and Yusaku sets the flowers down, feeling awkward. “They felt appropriate for tonight.”

Yusaku pauses, hesitant and curious, but he needs a minute to recalibrate.

“I’m hungry,” he claims, but it’s almost a lie— he’s actually a bit too restless to just sit down and eat, but he knows he can’t just skip dinner, not only for his own sake, but also because he needs to relax and let things develop like they normally would, his guilt at the flowers making him see this clearly. He reasons that it’s just natural for him to be this nervous, because this is the first time he’s gotten something for Ryoken like this and he’s not used to dealing with the emotional stress of not knowing if he’s going to like it. It makes him feel a surprising amount of respect towards people like Ryoken who can just do this naturally, and he decides he’s never going to complain about a gift ever again if he can help it.

Ryoken takes his hand as Yusaku starts to unpack the food and brings it up to his lips – Ryoken did this thing of kissing his knuckles way too often, probably because he wanted to pretend to be a total gentlemen – so Yusaku looks at him for a few seconds before stepping closer to him and going on his tiptoes to drop a chaste kiss on his lips, keeping eye contact before turning back to the food, squeezing his hand. It’s the best he can do.

“So, dinner,” Yusaku points out, and Ryoken hums, letting go of him to look for some plates on Yusaku’s sad excuse of a kitchen. He’s almost glad he never decided to get rid of his few pieces of utensils that aren’t made of plastic now, as he looks through the food— who knew knives were going to be that useful?

Once they fill up their plates and set the table, Yusaku feels himself letting his guard down a bit, settling into normal conversation and almost

forgetting his anxiety from earlier. Ryoken asks him about what he's been up to since he's been stuck at Stardust Road's deck for the last few days doing nothing but work on the boat, and Yusaku half lies his way through the events that happened— his school day is mostly glossed over apart from what homework he has due for next week, and Shima's increasing bravery to approach him again. He tells him about running into Shima and his still disbelieving attitude towards what he saw on Link VRAINS, which makes Ryoken laugh on a self-satisfied manner, and about going into the new merch store and discovering that Revolver is, in fact, cosplay worthy.

“People really don’t give a shit about cyber-terrorism, do they?” He shakes his head, taking a sip from his soda. He brought drinks as well, which Yusaku had totally forgotten about, and no dessert, which was a relief— part of Ryoken’s plan to make him gain some weight involved sugar, and while Yusaku would agree that he needed a balanced diet, the idea of eating sweets on a daily basis made him shiver in horror.

“I have to correct you there; people don’t care about cyber-terrorism when you are, one, a Link VRAINS character, two, playing card games, and three, really hot,” Yusaku takes a bite of his food, effectively finishing his meal, and Ryoken snorts rather loudly, shooting him an amused smile. “I only speak facts.”

“Sure you do,” Ryoken leans in over the counter, pushing their plates to the side and propping his chin upon his hand, eyes narrowing. “I have a question.”

Oh no, Yusaku thinks, because Ryoken has that look in his eye, the one that lets him know he’s about to figure out something, so he braces himself for impact. “What is it?”

“Did you invite me over today on purpose?” He asks, and Yusaku’s heart drops to his stomach. Ryoken looks like he’s been thinking about this for a while. “It’s White Day.”

Yusaku swallows, considers lying, and then figures he might as well just take this as his chance. “I would have preferred if you didn’t figure that out.”

“Oh, have I ruined your surprise?” Ryoken shoots him a wide smile, his eyes shining with happiness and what Yusaku refuses to trick himself into thinking might be love. His ears go a bit red, since he feels like he just got caught doing something he shouldn’t have, which is a ridiculous feeling. He could be romantic whenever he wanted, goddamnit.

“No,” Yusaku scoffs, and Ryoken immediately stands up to hug him from behind, wrapping his arms around him and kissing his head. He wants to be mad at it, but he can’t. “You’re too perceptive.”

“You’re too obvious,” Ryoken retorts, and Yusaku, very aware that he is, in fact, too bad at being sneaky for things like this, pouts. “I appreciate it, though. You got me a gift as well?”

“I shouldn’t give you anything if you’re going to be an asshole about it,” Yusaku grumbles, but he stands up, all the same, turning around on Ryoken’s arms. He accepts the kisses that are dropped on his cheek and his lips with a frown that’s just for show, trying not to grin, because Ryoken looks absolutely delighted at the idea of Yusaku having a gift for him. It makes him feel a little bad that he doesn’t do this more often, but it’s not about the frequency, he guesses, it’s rather about the feeling and the intention. Ryoken knows Yusaku sucks ass at romance, so he’s probably happy he’s even *trying*. “What if you hate it?”

“I’ll like anything that comes from you,” Ryoken says, voice a rumbling whisper as he leans closer into his space, making Yusaku’s mouth run dry. His hands drift down from around his waist to the curve of his skinny jeans covered ass, and Yusaku swallows, his hands coming up to grip the edge of Ryoken’s jacket tightly like his life depends on it. “Besides, if you truly think I’ll dislike it, you can always make up for it in other ways.”

Yusaku’s brain reboots about three times before he’s able to nod and untangle himself from him. Ryoken’s hands linger rather dangerously, on his butt, which makes Yusaku’s horniness come back with full force, so he has to keep himself from jumping his bones to instead walk into his bedroom, careful not to trip down the stairs in his hassle to get the earrings from his desk, and then turns to go back up only to find Ryoken walking down the steps right on his tail, a smug expression on his face.

“I shouldn’t have bought you anything. Your ego is going to be through the roof from now on,” Yusaku shakes his head, letting Ryoken approach him like he’s a predator closing in on his prey, his movements confident and graceful. Yusaku wishes he wasn’t as weak to it as he is, and his face heats yet again when Ryoken finally stops in front of him, looking expectant and making him fidget. “It’s a silly gift.”

“Then I guess I like it silly,” Ryoken says, raising an eyebrow, but his eyes are soft, the curve of his mouth pointing upwards and his posture relaxed, which does a great deal to make Yusaku calm down, take a deep breath, and push his insecurities away. “I’m sure I’ll love it.”

Well, considering what he imagined them doing in relation to the earrings, then he certainly hoped so. With little to no hesitation, Yusaku takes a step closer to him and takes one of his hands in his, pushing the little box into it, and then struggles to keep eye contact as he speaks, feeling like he may drop dead any second now. “Thank you for your gift. Happy White Day, Ryoken.”

Ryoken’s smile is dazzlingly brilliant when he takes the box, and the kiss he drops on his forehead before wrapping one of his arms around him is so earnest he almost flinches from the quickness and excitement behind it. Pulling him towards the bed, Ryoken sits them down, and to Yusaku absolute embarrassment, he starts tearing into the wrapping paper right away, not giving a shit about the heart attack Yusaku’s about to have.

Ryoken’s face when he realizes what exactly he’s seeing is both hilarious and scary. His whole expression freezes as he processes the sight of the earrings, shiny and perfectly laid onto a soft bed of cotton fabric and held together by a chain. The stainless steel looks even better now that Yusaku’s hasn’t seen them in a while, and the blue, obviously fake but still quite well-made jewel is startlingly brilliant against the white of the background. Once he seemed to have successfully processed what they are, though, a malicious looking grin slowly starts to grow on his lips, and he takes them out of the box with slow deliverance, like he wants to check that he’s, in fact, not dreaming.

“*Yusaku*,” he says, and the sheer disbelief, paired with the ridiculous gleam of happiness in his eyes is as jarring as it is relieving. *Perhaps*, Yusaku thinks, *I have just created a monster*. “This is— how did you come up with this?”

Yusaku shrugs awkwardly. “We have Shima to thank for those.”

Ryoken’s eye twitches at the mention of Shima, much like it always does, because if there’s one thing those two have in common is this: they both *hate* the idea of sharing Playmaker, and Ryoken’s very short-lived meetings and encounters with Shima have certainly not been pleasant. Still, that’s hardly of importance, considering that now Ryoken is opening the box and caressing the earrings with a deeply thoughtful look.

“So you bought something at the store after all,” he mumbles, but he’s more focused on taking one of the earrings and bringing it up to eye level to examine it closely, nodding in appreciation. “These are really good. And they’re not clip-on.”

“There were so many options, it was ridiculous,” Yusaku leans over, watching Ryoken stare at them with a now weird expression. Yusaku can tell he has a plan, and he’s all in for it. “Are you going to try them on?”

Ryoken meets his eyes for a second, tilting his head in thought, and then nods slowly. He gestures for Yusaku to hold the box without saying a word, and he does, looking at how he’s carefully taking off his plain studs that came with his piercing and then locking the first earring in. It feels, a bit strangely, like a monumental moment, and Ryoken seems to be on the same page about it, because he stops and just sits there swirling his finger around the earring for about three seconds, before a dangerous smirk takes over his lips.

“This is the best idea you’ve ever had,” he bites his lip, eyes getting a bit cloudy, and Yusaku swallows, watching with attention as he locks the other earring on his other ear. He suddenly feels cornered, the way Ryoken slides his hand onto his and grips tightly making him feel like there’s suddenly a possessive air to him, but he isn’t against it. In fact, he’s quite liking it, and the glinting and swaying of the earrings just make it even better.

Unsurprisingly, Yusaku is the one to pull him closer by grabbing onto his jacket and leaning in to practically slam their lips together in his enthusiasm, the bed making a precarious noise underneath them as Ryoken takes it one step further by grabbing onto Yusaku and pulling him on top of his lap, hands immediately going down to squeeze his ass through his jeans, making a delightful noise at the feel of it that Yusaku should feel embarrassed about, but he's too busy shoving his tongue down his boyfriend's throat to care.

The quickness with which Yusaku brings his hands up to his shoulders to hold to him and get some proper balance just be able to grind against him is worryingly, but instead of trying to brush him off or slow him down like he usually does, Ryoken just moans into his mouth and tries to press him even closer to him, the box in which the Revolver earrings came in clattering onto the ground but having no effect on startling them nor stopping them.

The unthinkable happens when Ryoken tries to lift him up and slide further back into the bed at the same time, all while their mouths are still connected, and the creaking of his bed tries to desperately get their attention, but it's something they both ignore, attributing it to the usual effort that comes with how old this piece of furniture is and flaring up a fire in Yusaku's belly as he recalls the creaky sounds of Valentine's Day and the noise complains that followed that evening, the feeling of Ryoken's skin against him, the echoing of every single sound across his whole apartment — up until it gets louder and they're suddenly feeling the pull of gravity as the bed sinks and breaks with a loud *CRACK!*

Well, shit.

2. thirst

Notes for the Chapter:

Onto the spicy stuff!

(I feel like this is still too fluffy but shhh).

Luckily for them, they don't fall down into the floor or get hurt at all, in fact, because his bed was pretty low and close to the floor to begin with, shitty thing that it's always been, but they do scramble to hold on and not lose their balance, staring at each other in stunned silence as they realize *what the hell* just happened.

Yusaku was not going to be stopped by his bad luck, though. "We can use the couch."

The look Ryoken shoots him is both exasperated and fond, the traces of lust still very visible in his eyes. He seems to think about it with actual consideration for a few seconds, but then he stifles a sigh, shaking his head. "We really can't."

"Why not?" Yusaku demands, shifting in his lap, and Ryoken stiffens as Yusaku's crotch rubs against his. He will not let this chance slide; he's been sexually frustrated for the first time in his life for a whole month, and he's not eager to keep up the dry spell Ryoken put them under. "I'm pretty sure we *really* can."

"Not with what I have planned," Ryoken points out, raising his eyebrows, and that sharp smirk makes a comeback, working like a matching set with the wicked gleam of his eyes. This is, however, highly contrasted by the tenderness with which he brings one of his hands up from where it's resting over his butt to caress his cheek, thumb sliding over his lips with purpose. Yusaku shivers in anticipation. "I want you to be comfortable."

"We have nowhere else to go," Yusaku complains, but his voice isn't quite as demanding as he was hoping it would be— Ryoken really gets good hits

on him without even realizing it. “I refuse to go anywhere near that *boat*—”

“Perhaps a hotel, then?” Ryoken interrupts, eyes narrowing in thought, and Yusaku gets the idea like he just got whiplash. He can’t believe that, in a way, his frantic research will pay off. “We do need some privacy though, I don’t want a repeat of the noise complaints from your neighbors—”

“A love hotel,” Yusaku blurts out, making Ryoken freeze and his dignity complain loudly in the back of his mind. It’s about to die, really, because so far the evening has been a trip, and he *won’t* back down. He’s going to see today through. “We can go to a love hotel— there are still discounts on some because of the date.”

“Hm,” Ryoken hums, blinking, but then he starts to smile again, which isn’t much better for his sanity than speechless silence. “That’s actually a good idea. Was this part of your surprise as well?”

“You know it wasn’t— *don’t tease me*,” Yusaku shifts away from Ryoken wandering hands, making him chuckle, but they need to stay focused here. His patience is a miracle in and of itself. “I did a lot of research is all, trying to find you a gift.”

“Wrapping yourself in a bow would have been nice too, but I quite like these,” Yusaku was going to ignore the fact that he almost did exactly that, instead just watching as Ryoken shakes his head slightly to make the earrings sway, and he feels heat rush through his veins very inappropriately. He would like to say he had no idea those things would have this effect on him, but that would be a lie, considering what he had in mind when he bought them. “Any particular hotel you liked on your research, then?”

Yusaku thinks about it and then shrugs. “Not really. I’m not paying, so I don’t care.”

The laugh that draws out of Ryoken at his comment makes him feel warm inside, his heart shaking to the frequency of it, but the little shrug he does at the end is what serves to charm him completely, and he knows without looking that he must be making that face that Kusanagi-san claims makes

him look like a fool in love, which is an accurate description of how he usually feels around Ryoken, not that he would admit it.

“I’m glad you got that right at least,” he says, leaning in to kiss him softly. Yusaku feels the urge to heat it up again, but at the same time, he loves the sheer honesty of the gesture— Ryoken is as lost as he is at times, it seems, in the bliss that their relationship has been until now. It’s not bound to last, as they will eventually start to butt heads again, but Yusaku is happy being in this state of puppy love, in this honeymoon phase. He hopes it’s never over, even though he knows better. “Come on, it may take us a while to find a good enough place.”

Yusaku agrees, but it still takes them about thirty minutes to actually venture out because they still need to pick up the dishes from dinner and refrigerate the leftovers – Ryoken always buys too much food, but Yusaku can hardly complain when this means he has his school lunch guaranteed – as well as pack up some clothes, reluctantly enough including his school uniform at Ryoken’s insistence and letting him look up some hotels online so he would know exactly what to get for them once they got into the lobby. He knows he will probably pick the fanciest, comfiest room, for as many hours as he thought necessary, but he also suspects he’s going to add stuff into their room package for the sake of being a romantic, like usual, which he would be annoyed by if that didn’t mean he gets to steal hotel soaps and shampoos. Before leaving, they put the flowers in the sad excuse of a semi-broken vase Yusaku owns and check the bed to determine how bad the damage is and decide that Yusaku should just get a new one— Ryoken insists he wants to pay for it, but Yusaku just ignores him because that isn’t happening; he will just sleep on his futon or on top of the mattress until he gets enough money to fix it, and if he had something to complain about, he could just stay on his boat sharing a room and a bathroom with Spectre and three other people instead of coming over.

Ryoken doesn’t take off the earrings when they finally leave, which makes Yusaku’s blood boil for reasons related to what might be a fetish in development, and he *notices*, if the smirk that stays fixed on his face for the whole ride to the hotel he picked is any indication. They decided to call a taxi instead of taking the train like Ryoken did to get to his apartment, for

the sake of getting there fast, and a tension between them builds in the backseat until Yusaku feels like he's suffocating with the need to sit closer to him and just do *something*— he's extremely bad at giving voice, and sometimes even *thought* to his desires when it comes to moments like this, but this time it probably involves Ryoken shoving his hand down his pants and taking him in the backseat of this unnecessarily fancy cab he called, which is just not a viable idea for several reasons, like the driver in the front.

The Love Hotel they arrive at looks mostly unsuspicious on the outside, if it wasn't for the huge green neon sign and the name of the hotel itself— *Love Crib* seems a bit too forwards, considering it's right on the middle of Den City's tourist downtown, close enough to the beach and as such, close enough to Stardust Road to maybe get a glimpse of the lights if they're lucky enough to get a window facing that side of the city. It's not surprising that Ryoken picked this place because of this reason, but also because it looks pretty fancy— the lobby on the inside is all black marble and comfortable but sleek looking furniture to match functioning as a little waiting room, with a board filled with instructions, rules, laws and regulations guests must follow, and a screen to book and pay for their room. It's a bit odd to see no one behind the counter, as is to not be greeted by any robots, but he knows that the security in this place must be top notch— otherwise, what's the point of the anonymous part of this whole deal?

Ryoken walks right towards the room booking screen like he's a man in a mission, pulling out his wallet and picking whatever arrangement he had in mind with quick efficiency, while Yusaku reads some of the rules to get an idea of how this would work, surprised to find there's a notice about some of the rooms behind soundproofed to avoid noise complaints and that the themes are mostly '*normal*', every room offering videogame consoles, a wide variety of movies, and even karaoke machines, along with a price list — he's not going to look at that, for his own sake, because he know Ryoken will overkill those. This place could probably pass as a normal hotel if it weren't for the fact that the booking of the room probably enquired the client about any spicy add-ons and there was a list of suggestions for first timers about the protocol to follow for room service. How interesting; there were pamphlets, as well as a condom dispenser and sex toys machine.

There's a first time for everything, after all, and Yusaku wouldn't be surprised if love hotel were used for more than just sex by other people, as they seem nice and cheap enough.

When he's done, Ryoken slides his hand onto his from behind, leaning down to prop his chin on his shoulder, lips close to his neck, so Yusaku leans back into him, feeling like he may just sigh contentedly. The squeeze his hand gets makes him feel like he's standing on the edge of something, but he isn't exactly sure of what—he only knows that he's glad his gift worked out like this, even if it was at the unexpected loss of his bed.

“Ready to go up now?” Ryoken whispers, his voice a low rumble that vibrates against his skin. Yusaku nods, feeling like he's not going to be able to make any intelligent sounds until he's sure there's a locked door between them and the rest of the world. Even then, Yusaku might be unable to come up with any words at first—he's still processing the fact that this is going to happen at all.

The elevator ride is somehow worse than the taxi ride, despite it being over quickly. Being locked in a small space with Ryoken feels too close to what might be waiting for them in whatever room is theirs, and the hand on his, the closeness of their bodies, the anticipation and pining he's been doing all day, only makes it harder. Ryoken is not having a good time either; the way his eyes are trained ahead like he's mentally steeling himself for the night is obvious and fills him with the relief that he's not the only one that's holding back from breaking public decency laws.

When the elevator opens on the top floor—and isn't that an indicator that Ryoken's using his father fortune for the right things—Yusaku finally feels like he can breathe, but it is a short-lived rest, because then they get to their door, Ryoken opens it for him and Yusaku steps into another era and continent entirely. Well, perhaps this is an exaggeration, but he also thinks it isn't; the no doubt fake but legit looking dark wooden panels paired with a rich rosy red wallpaper with pale flowers and vines to give it a textured effect immediately throws him for a loop. The canopy bed is massive and can only be described as royal; this is the first time Yusaku's seen pillows this fluffy and bed sheets this thick. The wood of the bed matches the color of the panels on the wall to perfection as a nice accent to all the romantic,

soft red and pink, and its design was quite intricate, with carved decorative arches and symbols in gold-colored paint. A huge panoramic window is facing the far wall right in front of the entry, covering almost the whole expanse of the room and hiding behind some deep red curtains, and he has no doubt this room probably has a view of the sea. There's a small entertaining area immediately into the room, facing the expensive looking TV that's already on the channel with the movie options on screen and a tablet on the table displaying what looks like a catalog, all the furniture matching the elegance and sophistication of a clearly very, *very* expensive room.

He stops on the doorway as he takes it all in, his eyebrows raising with each second that passes while Ryoken steps around him to close the door. This is... a lot, but he doesn't know what he was expecting; this *is* Ryoken, after all, the one who takes inexperienced Yusaku to five-stars restaurants and wears designer brand clothes like it's nothing and makes dramatic entrances everywhere; he *never* took things lightly. He is as shocked as he is flattered, and he has to admit it's a nice room: not too crazy, fancy but not to a ridiculous point, and the Victorian-inspired atmosphere and decoration somehow didn't collide horribly with the technology of the automatic curtains, the air conditioner, the mini-fridge, and the TV, nor with the control panel on the wall on top of the bed. There are two doors to his left making up a hallway into the room that he guesses occupies the toilet and bathroom—he pokes his head in to check, and is not surprised to see that the decoration is still similar to the outside, even if it's mostly in regards to the color scheme, with dark wood and soft looking pink towels and bathrobes, toothbrushes, lotions, and he sees a basket with soaps and other hygiene products on the counter, including bath bombs. The bathtub looks more like a Jacuzzi, in his opinions, and the part of him that doesn't know how to swim panics at it. Behind him, Ryoken chuckles as he steps further into the room, heading right for the tablet and reading through the offers with the face of someone that's about to make a very important business decision, and Yusaku notices there's a bottle of red wine they will *not* be drinking on the coffee table, as well as a basket filled with chocolates of different brands and a flower arrangement that matches the room's color scheme. It even smelled nice, which was shocking, but he isn't sure what he was expecting.

“Your romantic side is showing,” Yusaku shakes his head, leaning against the bathroom's door frame for support, because he suddenly feels weak in the legs. Ryoken looks up at him with a playful grin, seemingly delighted at the hidden emotion in his voice. “This is a lot.”

“I was hoping you would like it,” Ryoken shrugs casually, like he isn't halfway through making Yusaku break his rule about those three famous words. He bends to grab one of the chocolates in the basket and opens the package, sticking a long piece into his mouth and shooting him a grin through it. It should be a bit disgusting, or awkward, but Ryoken's manners and grace were too perfect for that. “Want some?”

Yusaku wants to say no just to spite him, but he has a weak will when it comes to Ryoken, with the Revolver earrings and the slightly disheveled white hair and the fitted jacket, looking at him from behind twinkling, gleeful eyes that remind him of Stardust Road at its most beautiful. Stepping off the doorway, Yusaku goes right up to him and wraps his arms around his neck, lifting his head up to bite at the bit of chocolate sticking out of his lips, sucking at it for about half a second before Ryoken is leaning down and licking all the chocolate off his lips and mouth, sucking it off his tongue in a way that makes his toes curl inside his shoes and his heart beat violently.

This is only made worse when Ryoken finally sets one of his hands on him, wrapping his arm around his waist to get him even closer, their noses bumping at the slight change in angle. Yusaku wishes he could stay in this moment frozen forever, content to just being invaded by the sugary taste of Ryoken's lips, the smell of his expensive cologne and the feeling of his firm grip on him; he could probably live like this forever and never need anything else, the sheer want that fills up his chest to have this making him hold on harder to Ryoken before he breaks away from the kiss to bury his face in his neck, closing his eyes.

“I want you so bad,” Yusaku whispers, and it's the closest he'll come to reveal the magnitude of his feeling for a while. He hears Ryoken's breathing hitch for a second before it's back to normal, but his grip around his waist tightens considerably. It sounds slightly sexual coming from him, but he's sure the meaning isn't lost on Ryoken, who grabs at his chin and lifts it up

for their eyes to meet. He looks deadly serious, and for a moment he feels like the room goes completely still, that feeling of being on the edge of something coming back, before Ryoken flashes a smile at him and it's gone.

“Where do you want to begin, then?” He asks, words careful, and Yusaku feels like he's being given the reigns, for now. He bites his lip, thinking about it, and his eye catches on the earrings for a second, on the gentle leftover sway of them and the shine of the blue jewel, the reflection of light on the metallic surface of the fake bullets, how they complement his face so perfectly and give Ryoken that edge he normally only has inside Link VRAINS, and he swallows, several ideas running through his mind, meeting Ryoken's eyes once again.

Ever perceptive, at least when it comes to him, Ryoken notices his interest, eyes darkening, and the fingers on his chin tighten almost painfully. “Are you open to suggestions?”

Yusaku wonders why Ryoken isn't just directing the situation himself, but he decides to not think about it a lot—it isn't fair fetched to assume he's just trying to be noble, in high contrast to how things happened on Valentine's Day, with Ryoken all but manhandling the mess of emotions and arousal Yusaku became all by himself. It was embarrassing to remember that part, but certainly justified; someone would have to be blind and deaf to not have their brain melt at the sight and sound of a naked, lustful and commanding Ryoken, but that was beyond the point.

“I am,” Yusaku answers, having no idea how to start this time around. Should he just kiss him again and see where that goes? This was unexplored territory for him, somehow; during Valentine's Day there was little thinking and a lot of doing, they were both fueled by the events of the sewers, and despite all the waiting he's done for the month, he wasn't sure enough of where to start now that it was totally up to him—would it be rude to say he wanted Ryoken to do the heavy work again? Probably. “Any ideas?”

“This is going to sound weird,” Ryoken starts, going a bit red in the face, but it definitely isn't because of embarrassment. Yusaku is intrigued but scared, especially when he notices the sudden tension of his shoulders. “I was checking out the catalogs and—”

“What did you order?” Yusaku asks, recognizing that look on Ryoken’s eyes, the one he gets when he does something questionable. He isn’t sure how to feel about this.

“I should have probably asked you, but—” Like clockwork, Ryoken gets interrupted by the sound of the door’s room service window opening and closing, and they both freeze. Yusaku narrows his eyes and steps out of Ryoken’s embrace to go to the door and grab whatever was dropped off, but he just—he wasn’t ready for *this*.

In his hands now rests a plastic paper wrapped Playmaker suit—and it isn’t just a normal bodysuit like some cosplays he’s seen online or sold at merch stores, no, the *thing* he’s looking at, judging by the cardboard preview, is *barely* even a Playmaker suit, the pattern and colors accurate by all means, but the cuts on it—that was another story entirely. For starters, there were no shoulders, the sleeves cutting off a bit above halfway up the model’s arms and looking like they’re connected to the rest of the suit by the armpits. It looks a lot like swimsuit, because there are no legs, but a much more revealing one at that, because the amount of fabric around the front and back is certainly not enough to be acceptable in public, and the *thigh highs*—the thigh highs weren’t attached to the suit in any way whatsoever, instead being held up by a garter belt that looked like it was made to resemble the belt on Playmaker’s suit, with little success. It was, in a word, a butchering of the avatar Yusaku made almost no effort in doing beyond the face and body build, and yet—

And yet, he wasn’t displeased by it.

In fact, Yusaku felt the opposite, for some reason, and that was probably due to Ryoken walking up behind him and clearing his throat awkwardly, looking down at the suit with an odd but obviously interested expression. “Surprise, I guess?”

“I—” Yusaku starts, but he has no idea where to even *begin*. He tries to take a deep breath and calm down to come up with a rational answer, but in the end, all that leaves his mouth is “*Why?*”

“I thought it would be hot to fuck you dressed like Playmaker,” Ryoken answers, not a trace of embarrassment in his voice, and Yusaku shivers as he pictures that image, biting his lip and holding onto the suit like a lifeline. Ryoken steps closer, pressing his front against his back, and that is just not fair for Yusaku’s processing capabilities right now. His voice is a husky whisper next to his ear when he talks next, which succeeds in making his knees weak. “Since you gave me these earrings and all.”

“I see,” Yusaku squints, but he really doesn’t. The more seconds pass, though, and the more he stares at the suit, the clearer the image in his brain of Ryoken - *as Revolver* - holding him down and taking him on the ridiculously big bed gets, and it’s not unpleasant at all. In fact, it’s quite tempting. “I think I get it.”

“You do?” Ryoken sounds surprised, but when Yusaku turns to look at him, he finds there’s also relief and a flush going up his neck. *Oh.* Ryoken is really into this, apparently. “We don’t have to do it if you don’t want—”

“We can try,” Yusaku says, or more like blurts out, pressing the suit against his chest before Ryoken can try to backpedal on this; Yusaku won’t let him, since he’s already warming up to the idea quickly, and it couldn’t hurt, even if he wasn’t going to be able to look at a picture of Playmaker ever again. Meeting his eyes, Yusaku walks backwards into the bathroom, gripping the door handle tightly with one hand and leaning against it, keeping eye contact. Ryoken stiffens visibly, his hands curling into fists and his jaw working like he’s trying to restrain himself from doing something stupid, and Yusaku can relate. “Wait here.”

Yusaku steps into the bathroom and closes the door on Ryoken’s stunned face, and after that, he buries his head in his hands and groans in disbelief at what he’s about to do, trying to keep himself together— he likes the idea enough to want to try this, and it is White Day, so he should give back some of what he got on February, but that’s really a flimsy excuse, because he would probably agree to this any other day with enough time to think about it if this is spontaneous reaction he had is any indication. Taking another deep breath, Yusaku drops the suit on the counter and goes about taking off his clothes, squirming out of his jeans and ditching his underwear right away— he knows it would be counterproductive to keep it, considering the

shape of the suit and the fact that it would still come off one way or another, but it makes his pride take another hit. Ryoken was really good at beating outside card games, apparently.

Getting inside it is... complicated. The suit thankfully isn't that bad as far as fabrics go, but it's still spandex, which means he has to get inside through the opening of the zipper in the back and really *pull up* to get the fit right and the sleeves at the right height. It's a little tight, which means this was probably not his size or meant for women only, judging by the cut of the bottom part, of which there's almost none— half of his ass is visible, allowing him to take a peek at himself in the full-body mirror and catch the sight of a mole on his left butt cheek that he remembers Ryoken cooing over before, as well as the lack of a tan, proving that he really is as pale as Ryoken likes to joke about. It gives him momentary pause to see his reflection in the mirror; the work he did on his eyeliner today was much more similar to Playmaker's style than usual, and paired with his green eyes he could almost pretend this was a full Playmaker cosplay if it weren't for his hair and the lack of fabric. There was no wig with the suit, which was a relief, because that probably wouldn't last at all, in all honesty, and his dignity would truly die if he went down that path completely.

Figuring out the garter belt for the thigh highs thankfully isn't difficult, and his suspicions about this suit being a women's size is pretty much confirmed when he realizes that no matter how much he pulls them up, they will not reach the highest zone of his thighs like in the preview pictures, instead stopping at about mid-thigh and revealing even more skin, but he doubts he'll get a complaint about that. It isn't until he adjusts the bodysuit again to make sure everything is in place that he realizes there's something pressing against the back of his balls that isn't just fabric, and his spandex covered fingers drift down to poke at it, making him have one cold realization:

This suit has a *hole*. A hole held together by a couple of buttons, but a hole nonetheless, and it's on the wrong place for him. This was definitely made for a woman, because it was much lower than need be, and that probably meant that Ryoken was going to have to tear some of it to get to the right place. Surprisingly – or perhaps *not*, in hindsight – the thought of Ryoken

tearing the fabric apart in a fit of desire sends a shiver down his spine, and he isn't sure if he should feel embarrassed by how obvious his arousal on the front is going to look now when he comes out of the bathroom. The suit is *really* tight.

Before stepping out of the bathroom, Yusaku takes a moment to steel himself and take a deep, relaxing breath. He doesn't know what Ryoken reaction is going to be to this, because he isn't sure what exactly he was imagining when he ordered this for them to try, but if the lust behind his eyes was any indication, it would probably be good. Ryoken's seen him naked enough times before, even in a non-sexual setting, so he has no reason to be self-conscious about that, but he feels the strange need to stand his ground and not make this easy for him, for the sake of keeping some of his dignity, so he tells himself that no matter what happens, he will not give up control so easily. He was *Playmaker*, after all.

His plans almost come crashing down the moment he opens the door and turns towards the room, standing in the middle of the hallway, and he sees Ryoken sitting on the armchair facing him, examining the wine bottle, his jacket off and his shirt showing off his arm muscles. He seems focused but tense, which Yusaku guesses it's fair considering he was the one with the idea, and he takes a moment to take in the sight of him, tall, dark and handsome with an air of grace and elegance that looks like it could be unperturbed by anything. With a deep breath, Yusaku squares his shoulders and clears his throat, arms behind his back.

Ryoken's eyes snap to meet his and then they drift down his body quickly. Yusaku watches, frozen, how Ryoken sits up straight on the chair and his eyes narrow, lips parting and his grip in the wine bottle loosening to the point in which he almost drops it. His gaze is heavy and hot on Yusaku, the trail he's making with his eyes burning him as it lingers on his crotch and thighs, making him swallow. When Ryoken opens his mouth properly to speak, his voice is so rough it makes Yusaku's heartbeat pick up and goosebumps appear on his skin.

“Turn around,” he says, and it's an order that Yusaku processes so quickly that it shocks him, doing so slowly but without hesitation. When he finally gets a good view of his backside, Ryoken moans, making Yusaku close his

eyes tightly to keep himself from dropping to his knees and *beg*. He hears the sound of the wine bottle being set back on the coffee table, and then: “Come here.”

Yusaku does so with trembling hands but a firm step, stopping right in front of Ryoken, whose legs are now slightly spread for him to fit perfectly between them, meeting his eyes. Usually as clear as water and as reflective as mirrors, Ryoken’s eyes are now dark and his gaze sharp, running all over Yusaku’s body again almost like he’s judging a piece of art he wishes to buy. The comparison is as startling as it is accurate, because it’s clear that right now Ryoken only wants him, and badly, so Yusaku waits patiently and decides to play nice—for now.

“I vaguely recall you offering a blowjob in the past,” he says, his eyes steady and his expression serious, making Yusaku’s blood boil dangerously fast, so he bites the inside of his cheek to keep himself from giving in. Ryoken had a really good hand, it seems. “Are you interested in that right now?”

Yusaku nods tightly, but Ryoken clicks his tongue in disapproval, his eyes narrowing. “I need words, *Playmaker*. I’ll repeat my question once more, but there will not be a third time. Understood?”

“I understand,” Yusaku starts, feeling a shiver go down his spine at the name said in almost a purr, and then, feeling bold and with his mouth dry: “I understand, Ryoken-sama.”

Ryoken’s jaw clenches so strongly Yusaku fears for his teeth, and it’s obvious that it’s taking him a great deal of self-restraint not to just jump him, which Yusaku admires; he isn’t sure he would be this strong if Ryoken were exploiting his kinks like this. Taking a deep breath, he continues like Yusaku didn’t just make this night a lot more interesting.

“Are you interested in giving me a blowjob right now?”

“Yes I am, Ryoken-sama,” Yusaku answers, his voice surprisingly steady, and Ryoken smirks and a way that’s distinctly familiar to his Link VRAINS avatar, clearly satisfied. Yusaku’s heart is beating like crazy in his chest, so

fast he's worried he's going to have to ask for a break, but he stands his ground.

“On your knees, then,” he gestures, spreading his legs further, and Yusaku's own shake, so he has to keep himself from just dropping down violently in his eagerness. Still, he somehow fails, so when he does kneel his knees hit the wooden floor a lot more roughly than he was expecting, making him wince. Ryoken's hand flies up to his hair, caressing him softly before grabbing his chin and tilting it up, baring his neck and making him meet his eyes head on. His voice is a dark command. “Slow down.”

“What do you want me to do?” Yusaku asks, his fingers itching to just reach up and undo Ryoken's belt, but he's liking the edge of his voice, the possessiveness of his gaze, *the twinkling of the earrings*, so he waits. Ryoken tilts his head in thought for a second, Yusaku's eyes following the movement like he's a starving man in front of a feast, and his smirk grows sharper, somehow.

“I'll let you figure that out,” he says, momentarily biting his lip, and Yusaku leans forward raising his hands, but hesitates, stopping. Ryoken clicks his tongue again. “Don't keep me waiting, Playmaker.”

Yusaku frowns at the warning, and then, without much preamble, he reaches out and grabs at Ryoken's belt, undoing it in what he thinks it's a normal pace but that it's still a bit too hurried. But, he reasons, Ryoken told him to figure this out by himself, which means he can do this as he pleases, and he has an idea of what he wants out of this ever since he almost got to do it in Link VRAINS. Pulling on Ryoken's belt, Yusaku drops it somewhere behind him and then goes right to the button and the zipper of his pants, feeling eager. He can already feel himself flushing from head to toe at how frantic his movements must seem, but he cares very little as he pulls down Ryoken's pants and underwear just enough to free his dick—

Ryoken's hand shifts from where it grabbed at his chin to his hair, gripping tightly and making him part his lips, a little noise of helplessness escaping him. Ryoken is tense underneath him, and his dick as hard as a rock right in front of him at perfect eye level is making his mouth water, which is just—perhaps he should have expected the amount of pent up desire to make him

this needy, but he didn't, and he could hardly say that was going to bite him in the ass when instead it was making him feel strangely powerful to have this amount of freedom and control.

Yusaku doesn't hesitate this time when he leans in and takes Ryoken's dick in his mouth. He closes his eyes immediately, trying to remember all the research he did on the subject and keep his teeth for himself. Ryoken's hand on his hair makes it difficult at the start, but then he lets go to grip at the armchair instead, his hips pushing up and down into Yusaku's throat slowly as he stays still, just holding him in his mouth, effectively letting him fuck his way inside him. For perhaps the first time in his life Yusaku is thankful for the fact that he takes things to the extreme, because if he hasn't bought a dildo to practice beforehand he would probably be choking right about now, not only on Ryoken's dick, but also on his own desperate moan.

Yusaku hollows out his cheeks and presses his tongue eagerly against Ryoken, massaging him with it and sucking with gusto. Ryoken makes a noise like he's dying, and Yusaku can relate in a completely different way, his own dick straining against the tightness of the suit making him squeeze his legs together, hands coming up to grab at Ryoken's thighs and hips rotating uselessly in the air. He wants to touch himself real bad, but somehow keeps himself from doing it, focusing instead on the wet slide of Ryoken's dick against his tongue and the feeling of his tip coming dangerously close to the back of his throat, giving him an idea that's probably really bad but also really hot, so, with effort, Yusaku grabs at Ryoken's hips and struggles to keep him still, feeling resistance for a second before he stops, panting, his dick twitching inside his mouth and making him moan very inappropriately before he's taking a slow deep breath that fills him up with Ryoken's scent and sliding his throat further down his dick, swallowing around him until he can't go further.

Ryoken is dangerously stiff underneath him, moaning very softly and getting his hand back in his hair, unconsciously pushing him down a bit before he realizes the danger of Yusaku choking and just slides it down his face instead, cupping his cheek lovingly and making him shiver.

“Look at you,” he starts, sending a spark right down to Yusaku's crotch, his grip on him tightening as he's unable to do anything about it. The glee on

Ryoken's voice is so obvious it has him scrambling to hold on to some of his sanity, his eyes watering because of the strength of his need and the teasing edge to the sound. Ryoken's voice might be his favorite part about him, if forced to forget about any of his personality or physical appearance, and he damn well knows it, always using it for his advantage. "Playmaker, on his knees, practically begging for cock— what a *beautiful* picture."

Yusaku whines as best as he can with a cock down his throat and Ryoken's grip on his hair tightens painfully, his hips twitching, and Yusaku wants him to come down his throat so badly it makes him pull back as much as he can, which is not a lot because of Ryoken's grip, to be able to use his tongue properly—

"Stop," Ryoken orders, and Yusaku freezes, his whole body locking automatically and almost without his permission. Ryoken's hand falls away from his hair, and with a sigh, he pushes up into Yusaku's mouth for a few moments before grabbing at his arms, a request in the gesture. "Get up."

Yusaku struggles to pull back and remember how to use his legs, lingering in a way that makes Ryoken take an audible deep breath. Once he's just kneeling, Yusaku opens his eyes up again to be greeted by the sight of Ryoken, flushed and winded, looking down at him like his universe revolves around him. Yusaku stands up, legs weak and knees throbbing, managing to keep eye contact, and Ryoken bites his lips, eyes once again traveling all over his body and staring at the straining of his dick against the front of the bodysuit, his whole body feeling warm.

Ryoken stands up as well, his shape dominating over him as he immediately reaches out to touch him, one hand on his waist and the other trailing from his neck down his chest, grazing his nipples for a startling second and getting dangerously close to his crotch, stopping around his belly button and making him shiver. The exposed skin of his shoulders, thighs, and ass feels sensitive, goosebumps rising on it because of both the cold air of the room and lingering touches, and Ryoken doesn't hesitate to make the best out of that, stepping closer and bringing his lips down on his shoulders at the same time his hands drift to his waist and down his thighs, stopping with his fingers grazing the edge of the bodysuit, almost slipping underneath, and Yusaku feels light-headed as Ryoken manhandles him

backward until his back is pressed against the wall right next to a closet, cornering him.

What surprises him the most about this is the tenderness behind the gesture — there's lust there, pure and barely restrained, on the possessiveness of the hands in his ass and the lips on his shoulders kissing every mark they find, but there are also unspoken questions; Ryoken would not be doing this if he wasn't sure Yusaku wants it, and it makes him realize how tuned they are to each other already, how Ryoken knows so much about him. It's not realistic, but it's there, ten years of pining and one year of chasing each other paired with a month of talking every single day coming together like this, and he loves it. Ryoken has a deeper understanding of him, knows where to look for cues and answers, and it makes him feel just a bit more emotional than he ever wants to be in fear of screwing up and saying something he shouldn't, like proposing again or admitting how long he's been dreaming about this. Above all, though, it makes his knees weak and his resolve to not lose himself in the pleasure wither dangerously, his hips moving on their own accord to find some friction and making him whimper when he finds none, all while Ryoken bites his way up his shoulders and neck playfully until he arrives at Yusaku's lips.

“Don't worry, I got you,” he whispers, pressing soft kiss after soft kiss against his face, probably in an effort to keep him distracted from the movements of his hand on his backside, but it's no good, because Yusaku is hyper-aware and almost bites his tongue when he realizes Ryoken is opening the badly-placed buttons of the suit, the tip of his fingers caressing his perineum and making his toes curl and his hands reach up to grab at Ryoken's arm, a gasp on his lips. Ryoken shakes his head. “This will not do. Turn around.”

Yusaku is getting really sick of his body bending to Ryoken's will like this, but he tells himself this is mutually beneficial as he turns and all but presses his butt eagerly against him, his eyes closing as he imagines that heat inside him just like it was last month. Ryoken makes a strangled sound behind him, stepping even closer and leaning his forehead against the back of his neck for a second as his hips thrust forwards between his butt cheeks and thighs, but to Yusaku's immense disappointment and great surprise he

recovers quickly, because Ryoken then goes down on his knees, one of his hands holding onto his waist and the other coming up to trace his fingers over the suit's opening.

“Wrong size,” he says, almost nonchalantly, like Yusaku can’t feel his fingers on the bits of exposed, sensitive skin and his breath against his backside. “I have to apologize about that, it won’t happen again—”

“Again?” Yusaku tries to ask, but instead, he bites his tongue the second Ryoken moves even closer to the opening and scares the shit out of his by locking his teeth around one of the buttons, the one closer to his rim, and *pulling*. It does nothing at first except give Yusaku’s dick some sweet, momentary relief as the suit squeezes around him before Ryoken stops, grabs onto one side of the opening with his fingers and the other with his teeth and pulls again.

This time, Yusaku hears fabric tearing, and it’s hotter than it should be.

“That’s better,” Ryoken says, his fingers now going up and caressing his butthole— Yusaku tenses like a cat at that, and Ryoken chuckles darkly against his skin. “Everything alright there, Playmaker? You’ve been surprisingly quiet.”

“Fuck off,” Yusaku snaps, which isn’t a good idea, because Ryoken ‘tsk’s loudly and then *spanks* him. It’s not really that hard, so he jumps more out of surprise than pain, but it feels like a warning, and a really good one at that.

“Watch your mouth,” Ryoken warns him, his voice sharp, making Yusaku frown at the wall in front of him even as he feels a rush of heat go through his body. His breathing has been all but unstable ever since he came out of the bathroom, and the adrenaline coursing through his veins is more than likely the only thing keeping him up on his feet. Otherwise, he would have already begged for Ryoken to just get on with it because he wouldn’t have been able to handle it, but there’s something about this game that they’re playing that’s really getting to him. He’s starting to really understand why Ryoken was so excited about this. “If you’re going to talk, then you’re only

doing so *nicely*. If I address you, you answer, and you do so properly. Unless you'd like me to punish you?"

Yusaku's brain is lacking enough blood and oxygen for him to do much other than shudder and blink. "And what would that punishment be, Ryoken-sama?"

"Bending you over my knee sounds nice," Yusaku can practically see Ryoken's self-satisfied smirk from here, in his mind's eye. "But I believe that's not relevant right now, is it?"

"No, it's not, Ryoken-sama," Yusaku swallows and gathers up some of his courage— he must have some hidden around inside him that he could use right now, considering what he's about to do. "But you do talk a lot, for someone that's all about doing instead of waiting."

The grip Ryoken has on his waist tightens so much he's sure there will be bruises. "And what is that supposed to mean?"

"That you keep teasing me, but you're not doing shit about it—"

Ryoken stands up and turns him around so fast that Yusaku freaks out for about one hot second before he realizes he's being aggressively kissed, his back slamming against the wall and Ryoken's hand coming up underneath his thighs to lift him up, his tongue diving inside his mouth without preamble and his body squishing him in the best way possible, confining him completely. He scrambles to hold on to him, wrapping his arms around his shoulders and his legs around his waist eagerly, accepting whatever Ryoken's giving him and turning it into more by grinding against him without a trace of shame or embarrassment.

With a deep sound so similar to a growl bubbling up his chest, Ryoken pulls back and steps off the wall, turning around with Yusaku in his arms and taking him to the bed, all but tossing him on it and grabbing his ankles immediately after, pulling him towards the edge and lifting them up to his shoulders until his ass is practically hanging off the side. He tries to sit up by leaning on his hands, meeting Ryoken's gaze head-on, but the seriousness and the rush of anger that seemed to come with his words

evaporate in one single smile that looks more like it's mocking him, almost condescending, giving his plan to pull him down with him pause.

"Sorry," Ryoken winks, tilting his head to the side, earrings following the motion and capturing Yusaku's attention. "What were you saying?"

"That you're full of bullshit," he blurts out, his mind coming up blank, and Ryoken, with an unchanging expression, lets go of one of his legs to grab his chin and pull him up from inside the 'v' his legs form on his shoulders, leaning down at the same time and looking at him from under lush eyelashes. Yusaku is helpless to this; it's like Ryoken is a crying siren and he's a sailor at sea, captured under his spell.

"Perhaps I am," Ryoken agrees, his other hand coming down his leg until it reaches his center, fingers dancing around where the ripped fabric is, so Yusaku bites his lips until it hurts, not wanting to cave into his low blows. Leaning in further, Ryoken kisses him, a peck that's probably the most platonic thing he's ever done to him but that makes him let go to chase after him, unsuccessfully, because he's straightening back up just as quickly, raising an unimpressed eyebrow at him. "But you know what?"

"What?" Yusaku frowns at him, feeling like he's issuing a challenge at him, but that only makes Ryoken's smile brighter.

"You love it."

Yusaku almost groans at how cheesy that is, but it's true and there are more important matters at hand, like Ryoken letting go of him to look inside the bedside drawers and pulling out lube and condoms like it's no big deal. Yusaku surprises himself with how fast he is to sit up and crawl back, spreading his legs and reaching down his front to squeeze his dick— his impatience was starting to show in just how wrecked he already felt, but he was glad he was more aware and more active than last time, when he could barely move without Ryoken beckoning to do so.

Ryoken turns around to the sight of Yusaku on his back, legs open, eyes trained on him with a flushed face and his eyes as intense as ever, and it's

the clenching of his jaw that makes Yusaku hit low and speak, finally getting a shot in.

“Ryoken-sama,” Yusaku starts, his voice as strong and serious as ever, watching with hidden glee how Ryoken takes a mindless step forwards, knees bumping against the edge of the bed. Keeping eye contact, Yusaku squeezes himself again, blinking rapidly and swallowing. “I might need to take care of myself if you don’t, considering how much you’re stalling.”

Ryoken’s eyes narrow, and then, with nothing but a shrug, he tosses the lube on the bed at him, crossing his arms. “Do it, then. I would love to see Playmaker begging as the result of his own actions and needs.”

Yusaku stares at him for a second, realizing he miscalculated— but not by that much. He could work with this.

Taking the lube, Yusaku sits on his knees facing the window and giving his back to Ryoken, already feeling anticipation making him light-headed once again as he opens the cap and pours some on his fingers. This will probably stain the gloves, or maybe just plain ruin them, which he was fine with; they could always buy another costume of his actual size if that happened. Taking a deep breath, Yusaku brings his hand down and tries to relax his muscles completely, tracing his rim with care as he goes, closing his eyes and focusing on making this good for himself— and for Ryoken.

Yusaku’s fingered himself a couple of times before, both before and after he started dating Ryoken, but never before meeting him. His first time was nothing but one finger in the shower, and he built up his technique ever since, getting familiar with his own body, so he knows exactly how to push, twist, and bend his fingers to work up a sweat or take himself over the edge, but the first step is always the most exciting one so, after making sure his rim is properly coated, he starts pushing in, little by little with his index finger very slowly, wiggling it around in the tight space until he’s confident enough about getting past the first knuckle. This must be quite the sight for Ryoken: Yusaku, his head down, back arched, butt sticking out and one lonely finger pushing in and out with a surprising amount of patience, his shoulders raising with each carefully measured breath. It makes Yusaku moan softly to think about Ryoken seeing him like this, hips twitching and

dick throbbing, but he takes a deep breath to control himself, because he's barely even started.

A bit faster than usual but motivated beyond belief, Yusaku finally sticks his whole finger inside and then starts to pull it out, loosening himself up from the inside by caressing his walls softly but steadily, repeating this process until he feels comfortable enough to add his middle finger into the mix. Ryoken is dead quiet behind him, but Yusaku isn't let down by this; he will break in due time, if everything goes according to plan.

Parting his lips, Yusaku works himself up to a steady pace, going slow and firm like he likes it, enjoying every slide of his fingers in and out and searching for his prostate with little success— he's never done this on his knees, so the change in angle was weird but really nice, even if not as comfortable as just lying face down on his pillow. It makes frustration build up right along with the pleasure until he's three fingers in, his hips swaying lazily and his little high-pitched moans filling the room as he becomes a mess, second by second. He's starting to think he's going to have to give up and lay down when he suddenly hears the sound of fabric falling against the floor and the bed dips with the weight of Ryoken getting on it, making his freeze with his fingers halfway back up inside.

“Keep going,” Ryoken commands, and he gives no other indication to what he's doing, making Yusaku frown and sigh, biting his lip, but he does, trying to twist his fingers the way he usually does to find his prostate— nothing. Groaning in frustration, Yusaku pulls out his fingers and takes a deep breath, trying to calm down and get his shit together by grabbing a pillow and burying his face down on it, stretching out his legs and reaching back again, going with what's familiar and letting muscle memory take over.

Due to his desperation, Yusaku is a bit rougher than he usually goes with, so when he does finally find his prostate he slams against it hard with his fingertips, making him choke on a moan and arch his butt upwards, trying to get deeper in that angle. Thanks to the fact that he's now laying down, he can grind against the bed to get some friction, and it's not long before he loses himself to it, noises breaking out of his lips louder than how he allows

himself in his apartment because of the noise complaints, closing his eyes and letting his mind go blank—

A hand on his wrist stops him, making him freeze and remember that he's not, in fact, alone.

“I think you’re ready,” Ryoken says, and before Yusaku can turn, the weight of his body is settling over him, one of his arms coming around his waist and lifting him up until his butt is pointing toward him, tucked neatly against his crotch and sending shivers down his spine when he notices that Ryoken also took off his clothes. When he leans down, it’s to plant a kiss on his shoulder and then one on his temple, lips lingering right next to his ear, his voice husky. “Alright?”

“Get on with it,” Yusaku urges him, making him chuckle, but any humor around his answer is quickly wiped away by the feeling of Ryoken re-adjusting behind him and the ripping of a condom package making his breathing stop. It’s a very long couple of seconds that follow, only accompanied by the sounds of Ryoken struggling to put it on one-handed, which he feels the need to give him shit for. So, he does. “I thought I was the helpless one.”

“Then you really don’t know how I feel at all,” Ryoken retorts, but before Yusaku can ask him what the hell exactly he means by that, he feels the tip of his dick pressing against his rim and all thought flies out the window. He holds his breath, despite knowing he shouldn’t, but he’s letting it out just as quick when Ryoken finally enters him deeply enough to not need the guidance of his hand anymore and he wraps himself around him completely, reaching out to grab at his extended arm to intertwine their fingers together tightly. His head lands on top of his left shoulder blade that’s peeking out from the suit, and a kiss gets dropped there again, almost like he couldn’t help it. “You have no idea how good you look right now.”

Moaning, Yusaku shakes his head, ignoring him to bring his own free hand up to grab at Ryoken’s hair, squeezing his hand with the other. “You’re just saying nonsense now.”

Ryoken stops moving around a third of the way inside him, to Yusaku's absolute horror, and just stays there for a few seconds until Yusaku squirms back, practically growling. The kiss Ryoken drops on top of his head only makes him angrier.

"Calm down," Ryoken reprimands him, clicking his tongue, but his voice is strained and rough, the sound of it only making Yusaku even more restless, but he doesn't have the right purchase to push back against him without making them fall over, which is what almost happens when he tries anyway. "Fuck, alright, you're so needy—"

"And you love it," Yusaku chokes out, almost grinning, and Ryoken snorts, thrusting into him roughly and knocking all breath out of him in a whimper, because he hits his prostate head on with deadly precision. "You better not fucking stop now—"

"I'm not planning to," Ryoken snaps, groaning as Yusaku pretty much tries to squeeze the living lights out of him with his butt, the movements of his hips aggressive and maddening; he's losing his grip on reality quickly, his senses invaded by the softness of the bed sheets underneath him, the warm of Ryoken all over him, the sounds of the headboard shaking, his body being pushed forward with each ruthless thrust until he's gasping out his moans and mumbling incoherent words against the pillow, feeling Ryoken's own erratic breathing against the back of his neck.

Yusaku can't focus on any else but this moment, on the firm grip around his waist and the fingers locked with his, as well as the heavenly feel of Ryoken sliding in and out smoothly and confidently, his pace stable but for the odd unconscious quick snapping of his hips. It fills him – literally and metaphorically – with a lot of things, with thoughts and emotions that are both new and familiar. He doesn't need to remember how hopelessly in love he is, nor how scared he is that this will not last either because of their personal issues they haven't worked through or because of the very real possibility of losing their lives in a gamble against a rough AI, but doing so allows him to be even more glad that he's here, now, enjoying this and giving himself over completely, relaxing and giving into the pleasure 'till the point in which his knees give out and Ryoken falls down on top of him heavily, not expecting it and grunting at the fall.

To Yusaku's delight, Ryoken doesn't get creative with this by stopping, instead just squeezing his hand again and taking his arm from underneath him to grab at his other hand, pulling out so slowly that Yusaku feels tears springing into his eyes, a series of whimpers escaping him as Ryoken curses under his breath, pushing back in just as unhurried. It's a deep contrast to five seconds ago, and feels even more personal somehow, his eyes closing against his will at Ryoken locking his lips firmly on top of his shoulder, where a scar from his childhood he can't quite remember the cause of rests, and his fingers, still tangled with Ryoken's, scratch at the bed sheets helplessly, his orgasm building steadily with each thrust and each merciful slide of his dick against the bed through the suit. It's so slow and tender that it feels like time is frozen around them, and he's not surprised with the first tear falls.

"You really do look so *pretty*," Ryoken whispers, sounding winded and very close to coming himself, making his ears heat and his whole body twitch at the cadence of voice; *of all the words he could have used*— "I'd like to see you like, *ahh*, like this... every single day."

Yusaku struggles to get his tongue in working order to answer, but he still mostly just gasps out his words and gives up halfway through his thought process. "I— I can't go around with my ass hanging out... the school— *Ryoken*, please, Ryoken can you *please*—"

Yusaku doesn't know exactly what he's asking for, but Ryoken apparently does, because he pauses, shushes him when he groans a vague complaint, and then thrusts into him *hard* but just as slow, holding on tight to Yusaku's hands and grunting with effort. It makes him shiver from head to toe as Ryoken finds that heavenly, delicious, magical angle in which he hits his prostate on almost every thrust of his hips, and it isn't long before Yusaku is squeezing both his eyes and his ass in preparation for the orgasm that's about to wash over him, mumbling out sounds that vaguely resemble Ryoken's name with various degrees of success, moaning way too loudly and letting go of one of Ryoken's hands to pull at his hair aggressively until he bites a painful hickey on his shoulder, resulting in a vicious thrust that gives him just the right amount of friction he needed, and then finally, after

a month of waiting, Yusaku starts coming, Ryoken's dick buried deep inside him—

"I love you so much," he hears, and for a second he absolutely freaks out before the bliss of coming hits him full force, effectively distracting him, but Ryoken goes stiff around him, coming with desperate groans and pants as Yusaku's whole body twitches with his orgasm. Still, the silence afterward is filled with their awareness of what just happened, and no amount of the kisses that are somehow a bit excessive, not like the usual love-shower Ryoken tends to do, quicker and perhaps a bit desperate will make him forget.

Well, he should have placed that bet Kusanagi-san laughed about— even though he wasn't counting on Ryoken saying it first, he could have bet that he himself wouldn't do it this early. Go figure.

Notes for the Chapter:

Next part should be ready in the next couple of days... curse me for not finishing before publishing. I hope you like this part, though! Prepare yourself for the fluff that's coming.

3. Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

Ah. Finally. I tried to upload this last night but my internet wasn't having it. But besides that, I hope you guys enjoy the end of this! I personally liked how this turned out a lot so thank you for reading and having patience with me! Please enjoy :)

Feeling boneless, Ryoken's weight on top of him still, Yusaku wonders if he should just fall asleep or address the situation, his ears heating every second of awkward silence that passes. There are many pros and cons to both options, like Ryoken being insulted at him for going to sleep and not reciprocating, but there's also him probably being relieved Yusaku is not bringing up his slip of the tongue. Yet he feels so content, and he wants to avoid any lingering awkwardness for the rest of the night or in the morning for the sake of not having to deal with this sort of thing on their *anniversary* – yes, Yusaku forgot about that. No, he did not want to address it – so, with a long-suffering sigh, Yusaku decides to speak up

“You aren’t supposed to say that,” he starts, which is a bit harsh, if the loud and quick breath Ryoken takes is any indication, so he rephrases that, his face heating even further. “I mean, sorry, I—I just wasn’t expecting it from you so early.”

“I’m sorry,” Ryoken says, sighing heavily and rolling off him, making Yusaku whine at the cold, but opening one eye tells him he’s just dumping the used condom in the trash can, coming back quickly to cuddle him. He’s still cold, because they’re on top of sheets, but it’s better than nothing. “I know I shouldn’t have done that, it just... happened.”

“It’s alright—I would have probably said it too if I wasn’t aware of...” Yusaku drifts off, because there’s really not a good way to say it, but Ryoken takes the words out of his mouth.

“Of how dangerous that is, I know,” Ryoken sighs again, and Yusaku hates how dejected he sounds about it, so with some struggle thanks to the

sluggishness of his limbs, he turns around and wraps his arms around his neck, kissing him to wipe away that frown, with only half-success. “You know I mean it though, don’t you?”

“I know, but don’t say it again until you’re sure,” Yusaku mumbles, closing his eyes and kissing his nose, even though he was aiming for his cheeks. He’s *really* tired, and he wishes it didn’t have to be like that, but Ryoken’s confession, despite being honest, gave him no guarantees. He took it because he figured that a little Ryoken is better than no Ryoken, if matters come to worse, which is what allows him to say his next words. “You know I feel the same.”

“Hm,” Ryoken nods, grinning at him with effort. He looks like a mess, his hair shooting up in all directions and his skin flushed and sweaty, which says a lot about how Yusaku must look, red like the color of the flowers on the coffee table, covered in sweat, laying in a pool of his own come, his eyeliner probably smudged to hell and back—he needs a shower, and Ryoken seems to think the same: “Come on, I’m running you a bath.”

“Ugh, fuck off,” he pushes Ryoken’s face away with one hand, making him laugh, and Yusaku groans in a complaint. “I’ve never taken a bath before, you clearly want me to drown because that’s practically a *Jacuzzi*.”

“That’s not true, don’t be silly. Also, you don’t need to swim,” Ryoken snickers, burying his face down Yusaku’s neck and sucking a hickey into his skin. Still oversensitive, Yusaku’s whole body trembles, and Ryoken’s smirk feels as sharp as a knife against his skin. “Come on, I’ll be there. Let me take care of you.”

Yusaku hesitates, because he really doesn’t want to stand up. His legs are jelly, the suit is still ridiculously tight on him, and despite knowing he can’t sleep with make-up on, and he’s willing to take the risk for some shut-eye. Ryoken is very convincing though, as in, he just stands up and walks away to start the bath by himself, so Yusaku just shrugs and drifts off.

In hindsight, that was probably a bad idea. Not because he doesn’t get any rest, but because when Ryoken comes back, he’s a man on a mission, pulling at his ankles and grabbing him until Yusaku has no choice but to let

himself be carried over to the bathroom like a body— most people would say like a bride, but Yusaku wanted to think nothing of weddings for a good six to seven years, if all went well, so a dead body it is.

The bathroom smells ridiculous when Ryoken steps inside, and the bath itself looks daunting; it really is a big bath, big enough for probably four people and tucked into the far corner of the bathroom, right next to the shower. Ryoken clearly used some of the things that were sitting in a basket on the counter earlier and poured them all over the water, giving it a nice purple color Yusaku resented with all his heart as it seemed to bubble slightly with the heat coming from it.

“What is that smell? He asks, not familiar with any smell beyond that of plain store-brand soap, as Ryoken sits him on the counter and starts to undo the garter belt. He makes no move to help, because if he had to put this on by himself then Ryoken could take it off for him; he would almost hate the suit if it hasn’t helped him get off so well.

“You really need to clean up,” Ryoken says, not answering his question, so Yusaku leans back against the mirror quietly and watches him work. The thigh highs are intact, and taking them off is a relief for sure, his blood circulation thanking him as he regains the little amount of feeling he was missing on his toes this whole time, but it’s much more fun to watch Ryoken’s face pinch when he realizes taking the bodysuit isn’t going to be as easy.

“This thing has a zipper, right?” His face is so beautifully priceless Yusaku might just laugh at it, but he’s too tired to emote, like always, so instead he just brings his legs up on the counter and turns around, careful not to fall off. Good thing this bathroom is huge and the counter sturdy, otherwise, this might be an issue. “Oh, good. I was scared for a second.”

“That’s not the fun part,” Yusaku warns him, and about two seconds later, he finds himself being manhandled around on his feet as Ryoken fights, on his knees, to peel the spandex off his skin. It’s thankfully not a painful process, but it is exhausting, so Yusaku stays as still and uncooperative as possible, only moving to wipe his face off on the sink once the sleeves, arguably the easiest part, are completely off him. His eyeliner truly suffered

from him stuffing his face in that pillow, and he hopes the fabric isn't stained for the sake of Ryoken not having to spend even more money on this place, not that he would mind.

"If this didn't look this good on you, I might just burn this thing," Ryoken shakes his head in the mirror, standing up, and Yusaku does the same thing, but only towards the compliment. His eyes linger on the reflection of Yusaku's body, going over each purple and reddish mark carefully. "You really need a relaxing bath, you're all bruised."

"I'm thin-skinned and you practically slammed me against a wall," Yusaku shrugs, and Ryoken's expression falls. *Ah*, he was wondering when the guilt complex would kick in tonight. He probably should have watched his words a bit more. "None of that, I rather liked your slamming."

"I still should be more careful," Ryoken frowns, stepping up behind him to look at his bruises even closer. Yusaku turns to see a splattering of very light purple over his shoulder blades and his waist on the mirror, some of which can actually be identified as fingertips marks, but seem like they might fade in about two days. Looking at Ryoken's face in the mirror though, he finds him looking not at them, but rather at the scars— well, things couldn't always be easy.

"Stop thinking about it," Yusaku orders, but it's more of a request, a silent '*please*' hidden at the end of sentence, and to his relief, Ryoken lets it go with a sigh and another shake of his head, instead looking over to the mess the suit now is, resting on the sink covered in sweat and cum. Fun. "I was promised a bath?"

Ryoken's expression shifts to something lighter. "Ah, yes, how to forget."

Instead of being a normal human being and just leading him into the bathtub, Ryoken wraps his arms around him and carries him over, stepping into it and sitting down to the result of Yusaku almost getting a mouthful of scented, pleasantly warm water that makes his shoulders drop in relaxation and his body slid further down. Ryoken is quick to pull him up to lean against his chest though, which Yusaku can appreciate at least, but he

frowns at the sounds of Ryoken grabbing the soap and covering his hands in it, his suspicions confirmed once they come to rest on his shoulders.

“Are you seriously going to bathe me like I’m a little kid?” His voice is as incredulous as he feels, which a lot, but Ryoken just chuckles, scrubbing away at his shoulders and making his way down his arms. “I can’t believe you.”

“Don’t be ungrateful, you would’ve been pissed off in the morning if you fell asleep on the suit and your eyeliner,” Yusaku can’t see him, but he knows Ryoken is shaking his head in disapproval. What a mom. “Which, by the way, did I tell you about how fantastic you looked today? If I didn’t, kindly break up with me.”

Yusaku rolls his eyes, leaning further back down and against Ryoken’s chest. “You told me I looked pretty while you fucked me, so there’s that.”

Ryoken clears his throat rather awkwardly at that, propping his chin up on top of Yusaku’s head, watching himself scrub and massage Yusaku’s hands. “Well, I wasn’t referring just to that, but you always look pretty while I fuck you. Or in any setting, for that matter.”

Yusaku, despite himself and his sleepiness, cracks a smile. “And you gathered that from the two whole times we’ve had sex?”

“Yes, and all the time I have slept over at your shithole only to wake up first and see you sleeping, sucking your thumb,” Ryoken retorts, making Yusaku go into stunned silence, the blood rushing to his face without his permission at Ryoken’s confirmation of the fixation he has suspected he has for years. The nonchalant kiss he presses against his head feels almost like a consolation prize. “Lean forwards, I’m going to do your back now.”

Yusaku complies, but only because he’s still quite a bit floored by Ryoken’s answer. Still, it doesn’t make a question pop in his mind that he can’t help but ask. “Does that mean you were staring at my face and not my boners every time you slept over?”

Ryoken's hands stop, but after a couple of seconds, the soothing motions against his back continue. He works out a knot around the base of his neck that makes him wince in pain while he answers, giving him nor mercy. “Well, I was staring at a healthy dose of both, to be honest. Are you usually that horny during the mornings?”

“Literally only when you sleep over. Your dry spell was a curse.”

“My dry spell? Excuse me for not bending you over every available surface in your apartment,” Ryoken snorts, his hands moving down to work on the knots at his lower back with a vengeance. It makes him arch his back, which is nice, because now he can sort of feel Ryoken’s dick against his ass, but the click of his tongue and the digging of his nails on his skin tells him he’s getting none of that—he isn’t up to fucking so soon, it just feels nice to have him there, but Ryoken clearly didn’t catch up on that and Yusaku isn’t going to try to explain himself. “You’re the horny teenager who couldn’t hold himself together over a Pocky here.”

“I did that on purpose, just so you know,” Yusaku pouts, but doesn’t acknowledge that he is. He’s too tired to care about what sort of expression he might be doing right now; he wouldn’t be surprised if he was frozen on endless bliss or his fool in love face. “I thought that you wouldn’t want to do it again after how I sort of... broke, last time.”

Ryoken’s hands pause at his sides, skin slippery with soap, and a sigh leaves his lips. “That wasn’t the case. I was actually worried I came on too strong on Valentine’s Day and backed off, just in case.”

“Such a gentleman,” Yusaku mumbles, closing his eyes and secretly letting relief run him over. He was actually worried there for a while about his inability to function on Valentine’s Day. Ryoken’s hands move to his front, which is kind of awkward, but also that means he’s running soap over his nipples, a feeling that makes him shiver and bite his lip—if Yusaku wasn’t this tired, he would probably be trying to get some again. “That feels nice.”

“I’m glad,” Ryoken whispers, pressing his lips against his neck. This is really not helping Yusaku’s case. “I’m going to wash your hair now—”

“Absolutely not—”

Yusaku ends up letting Ryoken bathe him quite thoroughly, despite his numerous protests against it and his libido trying to make a helpless comeback with each slide of Ryoken’s hand over his skin. He would be far angrier about his agreement to let him do this if he hasn’t gotten to wash Ryoken as well, which was *really nice*, because Ryoken took working out on the boat very seriously when there was nothing else to do.

He enjoys the cobbling more than he will ever admit out loud, but the honesty of each thoughtful caress and the steadiness of Ryoken’s face and hands as he dries him off makes him feel a bit choked up on his own overwhelming emotions for a few moments. There’s the delicately careful rubs of a face towel against his eyes and ears, the softness of Ryoken covering him up in sweet-scented lotions, the satisfying pressure of him working out any knots and kinks on his neck and back—it’s all so relaxing that by the time Ryoken is done with him he’s too tired to wait for him to finish his ridiculous night routine and just stumbles face first into the bed, not bothering to unpack his pajamas and barely getting under the covers.

“You’re so cute,” Ryoken calls from the bathroom, and Yusaku grunts, grabbing the same pillow he got fucked into and hugging it in replacement of Ryoken as he waits. “Your butt looks so squishy from here.”

“Your face is squishy” Yusaku complains, confirming that his brain has essentially stopped working because all that comes out is ‘yufdesquis-y’ which is not helped by his face being buried in the sheets. Ryoken chuckles, a sound that echoes across the room and effectively makes Yusaku wish he was already done so he could cuddle *him* instead of the pillow.

The lights go off and the bed dips with Ryoken’s weight after a few seconds in which he thinks he drifts off, but Yusaku is incapable of moving without causing himself some sort of distress because of just how tired he is and how quick the aches of having a very good fuck are setting in his bum and his limbs like he was just doing some exercise. He still tries to scoot over to try to not appear inconsiderate, but he really just would rather not.

“Can't move?” Ryoken asks, leaning over him, and Yusaku shakes his lower body uselessly in an effort to move. “Ah, I see. Give me some covers?”

“No,” Yusaku answers, and Ryoken chuckles again. This time there's something slightly off about the sound, perhaps a bit too fond, and his love confession comes back to him in full force, making him bite back a sigh. He wishes it were easier to just say it right on this second, when he's already made it clear how he feels, but he knows Ryoken would draw back into himself at it, and he didn't want that. “Figure it out yourself.”

“As you wish,” he says, and then proceeds to pull the covers off of him and get inside them, landing neatly on top of Yusaku and making him grunt as the air gets knocked out of his lungs. Ryoken makes quick work of tangling their legs and settling them in the center of the bed, somehow manhandling Yusaku around just enough to accomplish it, and it makes him sulk that he's being disturbed at all up until Ryoken turns him around and wraps his arms around him, one hand coming to rest on his butt and gripping for a moment before moving up to his face and grabbing at his cheeks.

“As I thought, squishy,” he declares, and Yusaku turns his head to bite and his fingers, but only succeeds at startling himself with the noise of his teeth clicking together around empty. “That's rude.”

“You're rude, groping me like that,” Yusaku yawns, burying his face in Ryoken's chest, and then he wraps his arms around him as well, sighing contently as Ryoken's hand comes up to play with his hair. “Don't move around in your sleep.”

“I'll try.” Ryoken drops a kiss on his head, going quiet, and Yusaku takes a few seconds to think about the night as a whole, and how good it was. They don't get this every day, even if they make the effort for it to happen as often as possible, so it makes him glad he could give Ryoken a good gift—which, speaking of:

“Did you take off your earrings?”

Ryoken's hand on his hair pauses, and then continues caressing him. “I did. I left them in the bathroom because I don't want them to break or, you

know, stab us in our sleep.”

“Sounds fun,” Yusaku deadpans, and Ryoken almost chokes on a deep breath that was probably meant to hold back some inappropriate laughter. He clearly wasn’t the only one tired. “You look so good in them. Like the real Revolver.”

“I’m glad you like my avatar that much,” Ryoken smirks; Yusaku can’t see it, but he just knows.

“Well, it’s you. I like Revolver 2.0 more than the alien one,” he yaws, bringing his cold feet up to press against Ryoken’s calves, earning a curse and a light swat on his shoulder. “Why did you even change it?”

Ryoken sighs. “To kiss you, obviously.”

“Be serious,” Yusaku complains, his voice just a bit whiny, but he’s going to attribute that to how tired he is and nothing else, not even his need to make Ryoken give in to him. “I read online that pillow-talk is important for relationships.”

Ryoken bursts out laughing, an airy sound that still makes his heart flutter and probably always will, his chest shaking Yusaku’s head, but he’s not amused and he finds this annoying for his rest, so he makes sure his feet are making full contact against Ryoken legs when he presses them against him again, this time throwing his hand into the mix. The displeased groan he gets in response feels like retribution. “Where are you even getting that information from?”

“Don’t change the subject,” Yusaku pinches his back as Ryoken’s laughter dies down, frowning at his neck as he thinks of all the hours of research he’s done. He hopes those magazines were accurate, at least a little bit. “I want to know if your avatar change was a vanity thing.”

“Everything I do is a vanity thing,” Ryoken mumbles, sighing again. There’s a bit of hesitancy on his silence, like he isn’t sure he actually wants to share, and this surprises Yusaku—he knew there was a deeper meaning to the change, but he couldn’t imagine what it would be to make him so

reluctant. His curiosity gets sated in a second, though: “After the Tower... I did a lot of soul-searching, as you know, and I realized I was different. I’ve never been an exceptionally good person, but I didn’t want to be who the original Revolver was trying to be either.”

Yusaku swallows down a protest about Ryoken not being that good—that’s a discussion for another time, but he can tell this was a meaningful step for him. He still isn’t quite sure of what made Ryoken act out and return his feelings as he did a month ago, but he has a slight suspicion this kind of thoughts have been lingering in his head for months now, if their way less often than they should be serious talks mean anything.

For today, though, Yusaku will not think about it too deeply. “I’m glad it makes you more comfortable, then. Thanks for keeping the earrings.”

Ryoken’s chuckle is full of hidden relief. “How could I not? Look where they got us. Best decision I’ve ever made.”

“Don’t be so smug about it,” Yusaku yawns again, and turns around in Ryoken’s arms to pull the sheet closer to himself, feeling like he can barely keep his eyes open anymore, his consciousness slipping away from him fast. “Warm me up, I’m cold.”

“As you wish,” Ryoken says, following Yusaku’s request by pressing his front against his back and bringing him impossibly close. Yusaku sticks his feet underneath his legs, sighing happily, and Ryoken snorts but his voice is fond when he leans in to whisper in his ear. “Don’t hog the covers.”

Yusaku tries to answer back, he really does, but all he manages is an ‘*mhm*’ before his eyes finally close and don’t open again, sleep coming to him faster than ever in the last ten years. He has no dreams, which is always a good thing in his book, and he sleeps like a baby, unperturbed and deep.

This continues without hiccup up until the early morning hours when he suddenly wakes up feeling cold, despite being locked inside a spontaneous blanket burrito, and the sounds of the shower running from the bathroom. He keeps his eyes closed, his face buried in his pillow, and contemplates

getting up but as soon as he does, he internally cringes, deciding that staying in bed sounded better.

Just as he starts to drift off again though, the bathroom door opens and steps echo softly against the floor, making him sigh as sleep escapes from his grasp. It's not long before a weight settles on top of him, making him grunt, arms wrapping around him and a kiss getting aggressively dropped on the back of his head.

“Morning,” Ryoken mumbles, his voice still husky and deep from sleep, and Yusaku’s body melts further into the bed at it. If Ryoken talks to him for long enough, he could probably fall asleep again. “Had a good night?”

“The best,” Yusaku agrees, shifting around to look up at him. Ryoken looks fresh, a towel wrapped around his neck, shirtless and his hair slightly damp, sleep clinging stubbornly to his puffy cheeks. Despite that, he still looks better than Yusaku ever does, no matter how much he sleeps and tries not to look death inside—not that he tries *that* hard, to be fair. Taking a whiff of the sweet scent coming from his neck, Yusaku frowns. “What, did I do a bad job at bathing you last night? You took a shower.”

“No, you did extremely well for being halfway to passing out from sleep,” Ryoken chuckles, leaning down to kiss his nose and then his lips. It’s already working to make him feel warmer, so he has discovered the cause of his cold temperature: his feet are peeking out of the blanket burrito. Awful. “You should take one, you have class in one hour and a half.”

“Fuck off,” Yusaku tries to turn back around, back to his pillow, but Ryoken is too heavy and too insistent, because he grabs at his chin to keep him from it. “I’m not going to class like this.”

“And what’s ‘*this*’?”

“Well fucked,” Yusaku shrugs, and Ryoken chokes on his own tongue when he struggles to give shape to his words, almost laughing. Yusaku stares without pity, but this in turns allows him to notice someone glinting in the corner of his eye and he’s blessed with the sight of the Revolver earrings

swaying slightly, hanging from Ryoken's ears. His mouth runs dry. "Why are you wearing those?"

Ryoken pauses, tilting his head, but Yusaku isn't watching his face, eyes trained on the earrings instead. They looked even better under the morning light. "Thought it would be fun to see your reaction."

"Jackass," Yusaku shakes his head, fighting to look away from them and focus on his boyfriend's face. Ryoken looks terribly smug, the smirk pulling at his lips making a rush of adrenaline push through his veins. Ah, so *there* it is, his usual morning boner. Fun. "I'm not going to class."

"What can I do to convince you to go?" Ryoken enquires, his voice dropping dangerously back to that husky whisper, and the heat in Yusaku's belly gets worse. He's shooting himself in the foot with this, but he can't help it; once again, Ryoken's hotness wins over his fortitude.

"You could fuck me," he says, and Ryoken eyebrows shoot up behind his fringe like he wasn't being suggestive just one second ago, but Yusaku is going to get what he wants out of this if Ryoken truly makes him go to class, so help him. "Do it and I'll go. You already made me pack my uniform, so I might as well make the most out of this—"

"Alright," Ryoken nods, his disbelief morphing into excitement rather quickly, already sitting up and pulling at the covers to untangle him from his burrito. "On one condition."

Ah, yes, it would have been too easy. "What?"

"I get to drop you off," Ryoken states, winking, his smile growing at Yusaku's stunned silence. "What, backing down already?"

Yusaku's pride rears its head on the back of his mind, probably tired of his bullshit, and he could understand why: what would be worse for his dignity, letting Ryoken fuck him, drop him off at school and then go to class, or not going to class and spending the day bed-hunting by himself as Ryoken returns to the boat to make sure Spectre and Genome aren't driving everyone else insane?

Was there any contest? “Deal.”

Yusaku thinks this is the fastest Ryoken’s gone from playful to lustful in the one month they’ve been dating. It’s almost intimidating how his eyes darken the more inches of Yusaku’s skin he reveals by pulling at the covers, his eyes zeroing in on no doubt the excessive amount of hickies he worked on last night, the earrings only making Yusaku feel even more excited. Once he’s free from the prison of blankets, Ryoken leans down over him to kiss his way down his neck, slowly leaving a trail of wet spots where he sucks and bites at his skin. He can only imagine how he’s going to look by the end of this, covered in the proof of Ryoken’s desire, but he’s hardly complaining; by the time Ryoken takes a nipple in between his lips, he’s already panting and arching his back to get him even closer, Ryoken moving to rest his weight between his legs, hands ghosting over the back of his thighs as he brings them up to guide Yusaku into wrapping his legs around him.

A bottle of lube suddenly appears when Yusaku isn’t looking, too distracted by the devilish swirl of Ryoken’s tongue, though he thinks it might just be the one they used last night and forgot to put away—it’s a miracle it didn’t fall off the bed, but Yusaku’s thoughts get off track when Ryoken leans back and coats his fingers, allowing him a view of him with a slight satisfied curve on his lips and the earrings twinkling at him. He can tell Ryoken is trying to make eye contact, but Yusaku can barely keep himself from acting like the impatient, horny teenager he is, so he stares at the earrings instead, biting his lip harshly when Ryoken’s first finger makes contact with his rim, his hips twitching.

“I love that you’re always so eager,” Ryoken mumbles, mostly to himself as he stares at his index going inside him, making Yusaku go red from his chest to his ear with embarrassment, which he stares at in fascination. The timbre of his voice only makes it worse, the dark edge to it having him bite his lip even harder when paired with the feeling of Ryoken’s finger entering him slowly. He heaves a sigh, eyes narrowing. “Damn, why are you still so *tight*—”

“Could you please stop with *that*?” Yusaku pants, interrupting him, realizing only hearing him talk like that is riling him up even further. He

usually has a strong reaction to his voice, he knows that and accepts it, but there's something about how sultry the roughness of the early hour is on his voice that awakens a fire inside him he's a bit reluctant to examine. "Please, we only have an hour—"

Ryoken makes him swallow his words by twisting his finger and then tilting his head, the earrings swaying. The combined feeling with the visual makes him moan out loud and squeeze his eyes shut, but Ryoken's free hand flies up to hold his face, making him open them almost immediately.

"Keep watching," he orders, licking his lips, and Yusaku does, a shiver crawling up his spine. "Is this okay?"

Ryoken asks that question like he isn't well aware Yusaku's hips have a mind of their own, rolling up and down his finger, but he gets that his stiff face from trying to not break down easily probably makes it hard to decipher what's going through his mind. Yusaku nods as an answer, allowing a whimper to escape him once Ryoken starts on the other finger, faster than Yusaku did to himself the night before thanks to the fact that he's still loose.

His body is extremely sore from yesterday, but it doesn't stop him from rocking himself to the same rhythm Ryoken is leading him with, and instead of wanting him to stop covering him in love bites he has been planting on his chest all the while, he wants the opposite; it would be hard to explain if anyone asks, because Ryoken isn't one to think of those things and try to minimize the damage with marking him literally anywhere not visible, but it's worth it if only for the high it gives him to think about how much he wants him if he's making so much effort to let it be known in the most inappropriate way possible.

"Lift your hips up," Ryoken whispers against his skin, his breath tickling a nipple so Yusaku struggles to follow the command, feeling a bit lost already. He manages to do it after a few seconds of processing, and Ryoken grabs a pillow to give him some leverage, rewarding him with a kiss so deep and a few hard and slow thrusts that have Yusaku gasping for air once he straightens back up.

Once again, the earrings catch his eye, and a moan bubbles up his throat as he stares, not exactly aware of what's he's saying as Ryoken adds yet another finger to the mix, words forming without his command.

“Ahh, *Revolver-sama*,” he says, and at first there's nothing wrong, two seconds of silence bliss, but then they both freeze apart for the slight twitching of his cock on his stomach and their eyes meeting, coming to the same conclusion at the same time.

“What did you just say?” Ryoken asks, voice carefully devoid of emotion, and Yusaku swallows, watching as his whole aura suddenly seems to shift from playful and smug to something darker, something that draws him in and makes his goosebumps raise on his skin.

“*Revolver-sama?*” He repeats, a shiver running down his spine as Ryoken's fingers inside of him twitch in an aborted motion. He has no idea what's going on or why he even said that – a lie, the earrings are *right there* – but he's liking it.

“Say it again,” Ryoken demands, pulling out his fingers and reaching over to the bedside table to grab a condom. His jaw is tightly clenched, but he seems tense in general, his shoulders stiff.

“*Revolver-sama*,” Yusaku says once more, and this time Ryoken has a reaction, his teeth sinking in his lower lip and his hands *shaking*. Oh, sweet mercy, Yusaku's too weak to resist making the most out of this, so he says it again, this time purposely making his voice a bit more breathy. “*Revolver-sama*.”

Ryoken downright groans, a deep, guttural sound that makes Yusaku even more excited, his heartbeat going crazier than it is and a choked off moan leaving his lips. Without thinking much about it — and it seems that he's going to be this much of a mess for the rest of the day — he grabs Ryoken's hand and pulls it down over his stomach, looking up at him with his face red and his eyes shining.

“We don't need a condom,” is his statement, and Ryoken stiffens even further, if that's even possible. Biting his lip, Yusaku continues: “Please,

Revolver-sama, I want you so, so bad—”

Ryoken seems to break at that, his eyelids fluttering before a fire takes over, blue once again swallowed by the darkness of his desire. Taking a shaky breath, Ryoken starts nodding slowly and stretches out his fingers inside of him, fucking him oh so deeply that Yusaku almost chokes on the loud, high pitched whimper that leaves him, his hips rotating and his chest heaving frantically.

“You should hold onto me,” Ryoken warns him, a dangerous, self-contained edge to his voice, and Yusaku immediately grabs onto his shoulders, sinking his nails in. He hadn't gotten the chance to touch Ryoken as much as he wanted last night, so it was time to take advantage of this. Leaning over him, meeting his eyes and those damn earrings swaying, Ryoken smirks, sharp and beautiful. “Tell me if I'm being too rough.”

Yusaku gets no warning before Ryoken pulls out his fingers, covers his no doubt hard cock in lube and teases at his rim with the tip, his ass unconsciously clenching and his hands sliding a bit down Ryoken's back and leaving marks as he sort of loses his grip on reality, arching his spine, baring his neck and letting out what's probably the most embarrassing sound he's ever made. Ryoken's little answering chuckle is immediately followed by his own moan, and then, without any more waiting, he enters him in one swift motion, landing home against his prostate with scary accuracy.

“*Holy shit, fuck, Ryoken, hnng,*” Yusaku *screams*, startled and seeing stars, scrambling to get one hand around his pre-come coated dick to stop himself from instantly coming. He can't stop his mouth from babbling nonsense, though. “*Ah, please, you're so— please move, Ryoken—*”

“That's *Revolver-sama* for you, Yusaku,” he answers, not pulling out one inch and getting even closer, his face pressed against his in a way that allows him to feel one of the earrings, cool and harsh against his cheek, and his lips right next to his ear, allowing him to whisper huskily and immediately succeeding at melting his brain even further. “You don't want to disappoint me, do you, Yusaku?”

Yusaku makes a sound akin to a dying animal. “No, please, Revolver-sama, I need you so bad—”

“Don’t worry, I got you,” Ryoken interrupts, his voice tight. Slowly, he starts to pull back from where his cock is buried balls deep inside him, drawing all breath from Yusaku’s lungs and cursing softly with it, probably going just as mad over the sweetness of the drag of his dick right up against the skin of the inside of his hole. Going without the condom was a *really good* idea. “Shit, I can’t believe you’re all mine like this.”

“*All yours, yeah— fuck.*” Holding on for dear life to Ryoken’s back with his free hand, Yusaku shivers and moans nonstop until Ryoken is almost slipping out of him, his raged breathing against his ear being the only indication that he’s not feeling as cool as he acts. Pausing for one second, Yusaku feels Ryoken’s smile widen against his skin, and the next thing he knows Ryoken is slamming back inside him once again, the movement so brisk and hard that it actually manages to make the whole bed shake dangerously, but most importantly, it makes it *creak*, and it’s at that moment that Yusaku knows he will not last much longer.

Ryoken sets a ruthless pace. It’s hard on Yusaku’s already sore body, but he absolutely loves it, spreading his legs to give him more space to work, not feeling one bit of shame at it, not even as Ryoken’s hands come up to grip at his thighs painfully, keeping him open.

“You’re always so willing,” he starts, panting out every word but otherwise speaking clearly, grunting a bit with effort. “*Fuck, I wish I could have you just like this every day—*”

Yusaku, perhaps unsurprisingly by now, feels himself choking with emotion as his orgasm draws closer extremely fast, his hand on his dick starting to move up and down his shaft slowly and building speed until he’s following Ryoken’s punishing rhythm, his mouth hanging open helplessly. He squeezes his eyes shut, his nails sliding down Ryoken’s back as he struggles to hold on properly, letting every feeling wash over him as his body practically screams out his pleasure without him even making sounds other than his loud moans in the way he meets Ryoken’s every thrust and clenches and unclenches periodically, his hand on himself losing any

semblance of a proper pace barely a few seconds into it, his fingers becoming clumsy and his ability to keep up with him faltering.

Clearly not having enough fun, Ryoken pulls back a little and starts landing hard kisses down his neck and chest, struggling a bit with their position but somehow managing to still slide in and out of him without issue. His mouth catches on a nipple, a feat that has Yusaku blinking his eyes open with a keening sound, his teeth biting so hard on his lower lip he tastes copper, but Ryoken doesn't stop there— retracing his path back up, one of his hands lets go his thigh to wrap around where Yusaku's hand isn't doing anything other than keeping himself from coming too soon, his teeth catching on his earlobe just as he starts to slow down his pace, making shivers run up and down his back and his body squirm helplessly; he doesn't know what's worse but somehow better, Ryoken's cock ramming against his prostate roughly or the feeling of its whole length pulling out and entering him again so slowly and deeply it makes a couple of tears fall down his cheeks from the stimulation.

“You like that?” Ryoken asks again his ear, breathless but definitively smug. As if to prove how much he's enjoying having Yusaku losing his mind underneath him, he slows down even further, settling in between his legs like they have all the time in the world— they *really* don't, but Yusaku would rather complain about being teased like this, with Ryoken buried deep inside him without moving, than of how late he'll be to class. He bites his lip harder. “Talk to me, hm?”

Yusaku, tries, he really does, but at the start, all that comes out is a groan and then nonsensical sounds as he struggles to work his tongue and breathe at the same time. Eventually, because Ryoken waits patiently like the sadist he is, he manages a few words. “...you're— you're being so *mean*, I can't _____”

“Is that so?” Ryoken smirks, and Yusaku feels something inside of him wither and die at the same time he suddenly feels even warmer than he is right now, the words striking a chord somewhere inside him and making him clench and bury his nails in Ryoken's back to the point in which he grunts both in pain and from having his cock squeezed within an inch of his life.

“I hate you,” Yusaku manages to say, but it sounds weak even to his own ears. With a playful chuckle, Ryoken starts to gently rock into him again, kissing his cheek and slowly moving his hand up and down his shaft. He’s at the end of his rope by now, his whole body tensing in anticipation the more Ryoken picks up the pace, his eyes falling closed yet again.

“That’s an odd way of reciprocating my words,” Ryoken says, and it should be awkward, it really should, but the still dark undertone to his voice and his ragged breath only make it hot, and even elicit a moan out of him. “You know you’re wonderful, right? You treat me so well—and *fuck*, do you feel *amazing*—”

Yusaku feels another tear sliding down his cheek, and this time Ryoken seems to notice, leaning away just enough to kiss him softly, lingering there as his pace starts to pick up again, making him feel like he’s being held at the edge of a cliff right before the fall—tightly, perhaps a bit desperately, gravity bringing him down before he can stop it as every slide of Ryoken’s cock against his prostate makes electricity shot up his spine, effectively making him come, Ryoken’s name going through his lips like a prayer. He doesn’t stop thrusting up into him at any point, nor does his hand freeze as come starts to ooze out of his dick, letting out a snarl and burying his face in his neck instead as he starts to lose himself in his own pleasure; it should be uncomfortable, but all Yusaku feels is bliss and sweet relief taking over, each of his movements sparking more pleasure until he gets to know what it’s like to feel come shooting up your bum—slightly uncomfortable, foreign, but strangely reassuring.

Sighing, Ryoken slumps over him, tricking Yusaku into a false sense of security. It isn’t until a few seconds later in which he starts to drift off, his hand locking on Ryoken’s, that he sits up and untangles himself from Yusaku almost entirely, only his hands lingering on his knees and making Yusaku open his eyes to question him, as he’s also being unusually quiet, meeting his gaze. The expression he finds both surprises him and somehow makes his heartbeat louder again from where it was just starting to calm down, finding smoldering eyes and a tightly clenched jaw. Yusaku opens his mouth to ask what’s happening, but Ryoken beats him to it:

“I’m not done with you.”

Heat runs through Yusaku's body, but he's way too well spent so he can't really pop another boner just like that, but Ryoken certainly gets close to it. He's incapable of doing anything but stare and let himself be manhandled so he's lying on his stomach, but he does have a reaction when he feels Ryoken run a finger over his rim, making his whole body twitch with overstimulation, his voice rising up an octave.

“Ryoken, what are you—”

“Don't worry, I'm just helping you clean up,” he interrupts, his hands grabbing at his ass cheeks and parting them, presumably to look at him properly. It's embarrassing as fuck, because he can only imagine what his hole looks like just-fucked and still covered in his come, but it's the only thought he can have about it before he feels Ryoken's breath dangerously close to it, and he can barely start to say ‘wait, what—’ before a hot, wet tongue dives inside him and Ryoken's mouth sucks at his rim, confirming that cleaning up apparently means *eating him out, rimming him*.

Yusaku's reaction is a bit mixed; for one, only the thought of having a tongue up his ass is weird and a bit perturbing, for two, it actually feels quite nice, especially because of how sensitive he still feels, but for three—it's just really hot, how Ryoken is not shy nor subtle about how much he's liking doing this, so he finds himself stuck between pulling away or pushing back to get Ryoken deeper.

Ryoken's hands on his butt keep him from making any sudden movement beyond the squirming and the shivering as he laps him up, his tongue caressing the inside of his hole with efficiency and no small amount of enjoyment; Ryoken is clearly into it, it's noticeable from the way he's being as throughout and delicate as possible to his dedication to actually suck up all his come from inside him. It's an odd but pleasurable feeling; if he wasn't so tired, Yusaku could have probably got off on this, because it's actually really nice once he gets past his initial recoil and surprise, his hips twitching with every stroke until Ryoken seems to deem him clean enough. Instead of just being done though, he takes it upon himself to mark him even further, his mouth drifting to where he's sure there's a mole resting on an ass cheek and biting and sucking, doing the same to the inside of his

thighs until Yusaku's head starts to spin a bit, his whole body slumping into the bed as if he's melting into it.

He wonders vaguely if sitting will be a chore and decides it would be worth it.

“Yusaku?” Ryoken calls, settling right beside him on the bed and propping his chin up on his hand to look down at him, casually, like he didn't just shove his tongue up his ass. Yusaku can barely see him from where his head is buried against the same pillow he woke up with, too tired to pull up his head. With a small, somewhat exhausted smile, Ryoken brings his other hand towards him to caress his hair, making Yusaku's eyelids flutter closed. “I take it you're tired?”

Yusaku thinks about how he can't feel his legs and shoots him a look. “What do you think?”

Ryoken's sheepish smile is infuriatingly sweet when it shouldn't be — he doesn't have any right to play innocent when he's the one that completely immobilized him. It's a miracle he can even think like this and about five minutes ago not even that was working. Yusaku intends to make him know his charming tricks won't work on him this time and complain about him thinking he can go to class like this, but the gets interrupted by a phone alarm blaring from Ryoken's side of the bed. The pout that he gives him is not a conscious decision.

“Ah,” Ryoken's starts, his smile widening. Yusaku can already tell he's doomed. “That's our cue. You have ten minutes to shower or you won't make it to homeroom.”

Turning around to lay on his back, accidentally landing on a wet spot, Yusaku looks up at the top of the bed blankly, bringing a pillow with him to hug since Ryoken is too far away — he seems to frown at this; Ryoken being jealous of a pillow is too precious — and with a deep sigh, Yusaku starts to shake his head.

“*I can't go to class like this,*” he says, stressing out his words and moving to lay on his side and meet his eyes, cuddling into the pillow. Ryoken's

frown intensifies. “Ryoken, I *can’t*. I’ll give you three reasons if you want —”

“That’s excessive,” Ryoken talks over him quite rudely, sitting up and grabbing his arm to pull him closer, but Yusaku makes it hard because he tries to pull him down instead of sitting up like him. In the end, though, Ryoken wins and manages to sit him on his lap, which seems ominous. “Come on, I need to take another shower as well, now that I’m covered in sweat—”

Yusaku feels his pout getting deeper, and Ryoken blinks at him slowly before looking away, allowing him to talk. “That’s so much work, though. We could just spend the day together cuddling.”

He says this while wrapping his arms around his shoulders and tangling himself around him until he’s practically giving him a koala hug, but despite the hesitation on Ryoken’s eyes, he seems to be determined to make Yusaku get some education. How dreadful.

Yusaku leans in to drop a kiss on his lips and distract him further, but Ryoken’s sudden hand on his face stops him. “Alright, babe, that’s enough. Let’s get this over with.”

Yusaku’s pout immediately turns into helpless spluttering, blushing so fast he instantly feels the blood rushing to his face and the heat on his cheeks, but he doesn’t have the opportunity to complain before Ryoken is standing up and he’s being lifted with him. Unlike last night, Ryoken grunts at his weight during the rise, probably tired beyond the usual ease he has to carry him anywhere. Yusaku can’t quite whine about this because it means he gets first row seat to feeling Ryoken’s arms and hands wrapped around him with confidence, but he still tries to feel bummed out about this as he’s led into the shower, trying to figure out how to turn it on because there’s a panel on the wall instead of knobs, and he really doesn’t know how this works.

Ryoken steps behind him and touches something without him noticing and suddenly there’s water falling from above him, startling him to the point he almost trips if it wasn’t for Ryoken apparently expecting this.

“You’re so cute when you are tired, love,” Ryoken says, holding him by the shoulders and kissing the top of Yusaku’s head. Groaning at the affection of the name and feeling himself blush furiously again, Yusaku turns around and kisses him on the chin and then down his neck, nuzzling his nose against it and sighing. He would have liked his post-orgasm cuddles, because he’s feeling quite clingy, but Ryoken’s insistence to be a good and supportive boyfriend and make him go to class got in the way.

“Come on, Yusaku,” Ryoken whispers, very clearly trying to not give in. “You have a class to attend, *c’mon*.”

Sighing, Yusaku steps back and directly under the water stream, looking at him from behind wet bangs and shivering at the cold water. With a smile, Ryoken clicks some other things on the shower panel and the water slowly starts to heat, making his shoulders sag and his muscles relax. He’s so tired, but he isn’t a sore loser and they made a deal, so, despite how much he hated the idea, Yusaku was going to actually make an effort and go to class.

Now, paying attention to it instead of sleeping was never mentioned. He could just ask someone for notes, preferably Shima— Takeru was awful at managing the tablet during class, after all, and Yusaku usually recorded them even if he never actually really listened to them. He may actually need to teach Takeru how to do that before he breaks his own tablet, now that he thinks about it, though.

“Is that temperature ok?” Ryoken asks, grabbing a soap from the wall display and stepping right beside him to get under the shower spray as well. Yusaku’s actually impressed by the size of the shower— he’s sure around four people of Ryoken’s lean build could fit in here no problem, and it’s fancy, the water coming from above them right on the center and available alternative sprays coming from the walls in case someone wants to surround themselves completely. The water pressure is heavenly and feels nice on his body, and it’s only made better by the sight of Ryoken stretching his arms over his head, displaying the wonders of early morning runs, before pulling him closer to cover his arms and chest in soap.

“This one is cinnamon scented,” Ryoken points out, turning him around to get his back. “It makes me think of you, actually.”

“That’s odd,” Yusaku mumbles, struggling to keep his eyes open—the sound of water falling and the feeling of Ryoken practically massaging the sweat of their activity away is so relaxing, he might just fall asleep on his feet.

“It’s because it’s both sweet and dangerous,” he elaborates, and Yusaku can’t hold back a snort. In revenge, Ryoken digs his fingers on one of his hickies, the one that he’s sure must look the darkest from a bite on his shoulder, making him wince and pout. Ryoken’s voice is light and amused, and that only adds to insult. “Don’t make fun of me being nice to you.”

“You’re so dramatic,” Yusaku yawns, rolling his shoulders as Ryoken moves further down his back and reaches his waist. Taking his hands, Yusaku grabs a hold of the soap and tries very hard not to get red in the face at the idea of Ryoken cleaning him just as throughout as he did last night. He remembers it extremely well, but he was so tired, both yesterday and right now, to really think about it without feeling adrenaline and exhaustion wash over him simultaneously, so this move is a clever one for his own sake. “I can handle it, we’re short on time.”

Ryoken frowns at him like he wants to argue, but Yusaku shoots him a glare and he simmers down, turning around, displaying his severely scratched back from Yusaku’s nails; they’re surprisingly deep, and he can’t help a bit of self-satisfaction at it. Grabbing one the other soaps, a green one, Ryoken grimaces at its smell and then puts it back down to grab a purple one. Yusaku watches in amusement at Ryoken’s prickly choices in contrast to how he barely has any idea what scent is on the soap he’s using, but he thinks it’s fruity, perhaps a bit flowery—he’s out of his depth when it comes to things like this.

Despite him practically dragging his feet through his shower, they make it out of the bathroom with enough time left to pick up the room a bit—the sheets are a mess of bodily fluids he feels really embarrassed about, dropping them in the laundry with a grimace and the need to apologize to the staff, and his bag gets filled with every soap, lotion, shampoo, and cream on the bathroom that fits and doesn’t smell like something he might choke on. Ryoken, in turn, fills his own with the sweets scattered around the

room without any shame, and even starts eating some white chocolate despite not having had breakfast yet. What an abomination.

“This was a fantastic idea,” Ryoken says, munching happily and looking at the time on his phone, his and Yusaku’s bag thrown over his shoulder and waiting for him to finish up his uniform. “This chocolate is really good.”

Doing up his school tie, Yusaku shrugs, looking at his reflection in the mirror closely. There are a couple of really dark hickies very obviously resting on his neck, one on the side close to his hairline, one on the center of his throat and a smaller one right under his jaw, but there’s no hiding them because he has no scarf at hand, and Ryoken probably doesn’t have one either. He looks tired but well-spent, and even awake enough to function, feeling like he can get through the day without much issue, but he’s still probably going to sleep during math class— Ryoken’s orgasms did miracles, but Yusaku’s daily natural fatigue is a hard nut to crack. It’s going to take more than that to keep him from going all day without a catnap.

He ignores the part of his brain that tries to convince him another orgasm could have made it, because that just means he’s still horny – orgasms don’t work like that – but he really is too tired to deal with it. His restfulness probably has more to do with how nervous he was about giving Ryoken his gift and how well he slept after three restless nights without Ryoken’s breathing to lure him into proper sleep, and it hits him right as they head to the door, the bedroom almost as untouched as it was before they made a mess of the bed, that he’s really going to miss this little escapade of them. It makes his steps falter, slowing down until he stops moving altogether, Ryoken going ahead without noticing until he decides to speak up.

“I kind of don’t want to leave,” he whispers, looking down at the floor. Ryoken freezes on the spot, turning around to look at him and waiting for Yusaku to elaborate, but all he has to offer is a shrug, his tongue feeling strangely heavy in his mouth. “It’s easier when it’s just the two of us.”

Ryoken’s momentary, stunned silence feels heavy, and his words are preceded by a sigh. “I know. I wish we could have something like this forever—”

At his words, Yusaku stiffens, thinking of Ryoken's accidental slip up with the three words last night and how they were both so possessive earlier, in the heat of the moment, how he was more than ready to hand himself over, did, and still was willing to. It makes him feel warm to know Ryoken feels at least close to what Yusaku feels, but talking of forever like that when they're still watching over their shoulders with every step they take makes him nervous and even more desperate to just pretend nothing of the outside world exists.

He can't do that, though. There are people who need him and depend on him, and Ryoken still has too much of a heavy weight on his shoulders, still pretends he has no future despite jumping in on this relationship with him, probably thinking that if he didn't give in now, he never would get to have him, similar to how Yusaku did, and that couldn't be more wrong. He has hope in him, can see the potential, and it's only a manner of time before he realizes that.

“You’re the only thing I’m sure of now,” Ryoken had said on Valentine's Day, confessing properly, and anger shoots up his throat for a few seconds before he's swallowing everything down for the sake of not ruining such a perfect morning. He has a part of Ryoken, which is all he ever asked for and something he'll be grateful for all his life, but he wants all of him instead of just this *'isolated from reality'* person he tries to be for the sake of not ruining what they have, now that he's seen what could be their future together.

Walking over to him, Yusaku takes his hand and goes on his tiptoes to smack a kiss on Ryoken's lips, pulling away slowly, thinking that, for now, he will count his blessings and wait for things to blow over as they will with Lighting—he was determined to find a way to save them all, and that includes Ryoken. He has a promise to keep.

“Let’s go,” Yusaku insists, lingering in Ryoken’s space and watching him stare down at him with worried eyes, so Yusaku opens the door and walks out, pulling him with him. Ryoken does not try to stop him nor does he seem mad about Yusaku keeping his thoughts from him, but he’s smart enough to figure out that whatever Yusaku has to say it’s probably not going to be good. Instead of trying to mess with that, Ryoken guides him towards

the taxi he called and sticks himself to his side for the whole ride until they're right in front of Den City High School, hurried students walking in as what he thinks might be the second bell rings.

Yusaku thinks that Ryoken is just going to kiss him goodbye and be off, but instead, he gets off the car as well, making the driver mumble something about how at least he's being paid well as they walk towards the school gates together, Ryoken's left hand firm and confident around his. They stop there and look at each other for a second, holding eye contact as students trickle in with and stare at them with curious eyes, most of them immediately ogling Ryoken like he's a piece of meat, and Yusaku really can't blame him—he has a shine about him right now, radiant and eye-catching, and it makes him go a bit red in the face to think he's in enough of a good mood to have an '*I just fucked and it was good*' aura around him. Yusaku wonders vaguely if he looks the same, and his blush gets even worse.

“I’ll see you tomorrow?” He asks, his lips curling into a soft smile that makes Yusaku’s heart go crazy, and he struggles to nod. The smile turns into a smirk, which is a bad sign. “You know, you look really good. Those hickies complement your skin tone.”

“Ryoken, you’re so ridiculous, I swear—” Yusaku starts, his voice much more expressive than usual as he struggles not to laugh at Ryoken’s way of complimenting him, but he gets interrupted by him leaning down and kissing the words off his lips. Like it’s a second nature to him, Yusaku immediately opens his mouth and steps closer, eagerly welcoming his tongue and feeling a bit of delight at the content sigh Ryoken lets out as he brings a hand up to his chin to get deeper in that angle to the point that Yusaku sort of forgets he’s in a public place, too distracted by his attempts to lick the remaining taste of way too sweet chocolate off of Ryoken’s mouth and in how comfortable and safe he feels. The part of him that wants the cuddles he didn’t get is really pleased with this, making him bring his arms up to wrap around Ryoken’s shoulders, the kiss getting more heated—

Someone whistling bursts his bubble.

“Yusaku!” Takeru’s voice calls, sounding both panicked and scared. He turns to his left, to the inside of the school, to watch him powerwalk towards him, his steps hurried and his face beet red. Ryoken makes a disgruntled sound, but other than that and the deathly expression on his face as he presses him closer to him by the waist, he has no further reaction. “*What do you think you’re doing?*”

“Kissing my boyfriend?” He answers, and Ryoken’s grip on him tightens at the word boyfriend. Glancing at him, Yusaku catches the beginning of a smirk and rolls his eyes, looking over at Takeru, who looks even more distraught each second that passes. “Why?”

“Because—” Takeru starts, but he gets rudely interrupted by Shima appearing from behind him with a pale face, Zaizen Aoi following behind with apparent interest.

“Fujiki-kun!” Shima shrieks, making all of them wince and even more head turn their way. Ryoken is now back to glaring. “This has gone too far! You can’t bring your boyfriend to school, I don’t care how hot he is. You could get in trouble!”

Ryoken seems to choke a little on air at that word ‘*hot*’, and Zaizen’s eyebrows raise as she blinks incredulously. She talks before he can tell them to fuck off. “So this is your boyfriend? I thought he was harassing you—”

“*Excuse me*—” Ryoken says, but Takeru starts to wave his arms around, making Yusaku’s eye catch on his wrists, who are being occupied by one Duel Disk on each— Yusaku’s, and his own. Uh. He sort of forgot about that.

“Guys, this has been real fun, and by that I mean I don’t ever want to see you making out with someone again,” Takeru looks one minute away from his deathbed. Yusaku would feel bad, but he’s just way too content, and Ryoken is still holding him closely— he smells really nice. “But homeroom is in a few minutes.”

“I’ll be off then,” Zaizen walks off dragging Shima behind her with a small, slightly amused smile, despite them not sharing a class, and Takeru lingers

just long enough to send a pointed glare at Ryoken and then give him back his Duel Disk. A few students who were eavesdropping follow behind them nonchalantly until they are alone again, but instead of walking away with them Yusaku lingers a little longer, staring at Ryoken for a few more seconds.

“You should go,” he says, all of his annoyance with their company vanishing behind a charming smile, and Yusaku’s heart aches a little bit. He really doesn’t want him to leave. “You’re going to be late.”

“Alright,” Yusaku sighs, leaning in to steal one last kiss—

“None of that!” A voice screams from below, and Yusaku looks down at his wrist to see Ai glaring at them as much as he can, shaking one of his little fists. Ryoken crosses his arms, which he apparently does not approve of. “I already got a show not once, but twice, so no thank you!”

“Stop it,” Yusaku shakes his head, bringing up his wrist to look down at him properly, but he must admit he has a point. He’s sure Ai never wanted to know how much as he does about carnal human desires, even if he loves to do that kind of jokes. He would one day call him out on his double standards, but for now, Yusaku aimed to just get over this day. “It’s been a month now and you had a whole day for yourself to get over it—”

“Oh, you think a day without seeing his ugly mug will make me forget—”

“He’s *not* ugly, you little—”

“Okay, kids, that’s enough,” Ryoken interrupts, and both Yusaku and Ai turn to glare at him. Ryoken barely raises an unimpressed eyebrow, but Yusaku can tell he finds this hilarious. He would get mad at him if it the shine of his eyes and his relaxed shoulders didn’t make him feel warm. “Come on now, education is waiting.”

Without further ado, Yusaku mutes Ai, leans in to steal the kiss he wants and then quickly walks off towards the school entrance, feeling his ears heating at the whistle that follows him. Not looking back, Yusaku flips him off, and it is with the sound of Ryoken’s carefree laughter ringing on his

ears that he survives the school day, able to ignore all the sudden scrutiny he's receiving from his peers, Takeru whining about having to babysit, Shima's out of nowhere determination to make sure Yusaku is not being coerced into a relationship by some rich college student and Zaizen's occasional weird looks.

That night, Yusaku barely keeps himself from calling Ryoken to ask him to come over, instead just going home right after school to air out his futon and start bed hunting online. The flowers Ryoken gave him are still as good as new, which is surprising, and he's careful to move his sad attempt at a vase around until the beauty of it doesn't look so out of place in his shithole of an apartment, with kind of works; the table on the corner of his room is getting some use now, at least.

Glancing over at them every few minutes, Yusaku remembers Ryoken's words, remembers the goals he wants to accomplish still, and thinks about the future, hiding every little hope and dream he has away in a little box on the back of his mind afterwards to get them out someday, thinking that, for once, life it's good, and even considering the pain he's been through— well, a few months ago he would have done everything in his power to change things, but now he couldn't be more at peace with it. He has friends and people he could call his family, and he wouldn't change any one of them for a better childhood or an easier life. Sometimes, he thinks, life it's just about the little things that make you feel more like yourself, a little more happy and a little more comfortable, confident in your skin, and he can't believe he took so to realize it, looking back.

He was determined to prove it to Ryoken, too.

Notes for the Chapter:

Ah, I feel like I'm so bad at endings but hopefully, that was ok :)
I'll see you guys around another time. Thanks for reading.

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading! I really like this little series, and despite it being very smut focused, I also like exploring this little "what-if" of

then dating while the things in the anime happen just like they do. Being real, most of this is fluff with sexy in between, but I hope you all like that!

(Also there's some angst potential for this don't come for me if I end up injecting angst into this as well.)